THE COSHOCTON AGE.

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THE RIGHT OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IS ABSOLUTE IN EVERY AMERICAN CITIZEN.—Garfield.

VOLUME 60. COSHOCTON, OHIO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1884. NUMBER

Business notices on this page are charged for at ten cents per line each insertion. Black type fifteen cents brevier measurement. Display advertisements Time Contracts—25 cents per inch. Transient advertisements—50 cents per inch.

MISS SADIE MCCULLOUGH is home from Knox county on a ten days visit.

MRS. JOHN MIZER, of Adams township, is lying at the point of death with heart disease.

SUNDAY last Mrs. Minerva Whorrals died at her home at Tiverton Center. Cause not learned.

THE next meeting of the Lotus Club will be Wednesnay evening, Jan. 23d, instead of Thursday evening, Jan. 24th.

MR. FRARK OGLEVIE, of Keene township, has been seriously ill for several weeks, but is now in fair way to recover.

THE ladies of Grace M. E. Church will hold a festival in the lecture room this (Friday) evening. Supper from 5 to 10 o'clock.

THERE will be services at the Baptist Church next Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7 o'clock, p. m. Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.

NEWCOMERSTOWN people are making an effort to have the proposed extension of the Black Diamond road surveyed to that place.

MR. ROBERT DAUGHERTY of Adams township, has our thanks for a lively interest in THE AGE'S welfare, and fo an increase of our subscription list.

REMEMBER as you go through life' journey that THE AGE Job Office is well fitted with all facilities for doing first-class job printing at reasonable rates.

MR. FRANK BAIRD, a former citizen of Zanesville, and well known to many readers of THE AGE, was killed at Washington last Tuesday, by being run over by a street car.

DR. W. J. BOYD and family, of Kimbolton, Mr. R. H. Boyd, of Cleveland, and Miss Mattie Boyd, of Smithfield, O., are visiting their brother, Mr. S. A. Boyd, on Chestnut street.

THE annual report of the Secretary of the C. O. D. Fair at Newcomerstown showed the receipts last year to have been $14,300 which leaves a handsome surplus after the payment of expenses.

MRS. BELLE STRINGELLOW, wife o Mr. Peter Stringfellow, died at her home in Rossville last Saturday, aged 36. Her remains were interred at Yankee Ridge cemetry, Rev. F. M. Cummings officiating.

ALL persons knowing themselves indebted to the late firm of Talmadge & Davis will please call and settle by cash or note by Feb. 1, 1884. Interest will be charged on all unsettled accounts after said date.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES STEWART were called to Utica, Lickings county, last Friday, by the death of a cousin of Mrs. Stewart—Mrs. Jane McDermott, at the age of sixty-three years. They remained until Tuesday of this week.

MESSRS. SMITH & DICKINSON, of Newcomerstown, and one of the oldest dry goods firms in Tuscarawas county, made an assignment last Friday to Judge Burt, for the benefit of creditors. Liabilities and assets not made known.

MR. LEE WELTZ, of Navarre, O., held the number that drew the gentleman's gold watch given away by D. M. Moore, the people's popular clothier. Mr. Weltz, in addition to receiving his money's worth when making the purchase, has an elegant and highly useful gift.

THE Cleveland Penny Press declares that "Senator Crowell, of Coshocton, screwed down his own political coffin lid by spurning an anti-Payne petition signed by 4,000 Democrats of his district, reflecting the almost unanimous sentiment of his constituency."

REN TISH and Sam Elliott represent the hungry democratic horde at Columbus. The democratic papers here will probably publish their portraits in the near future. We have mislaid our cut or we would have printed the portrait of the most important one this week. A neighboring office borrowed it to print a horse bill, but the horse happened to be a long eared creature.

HERE is an item from an exchange that may bring comfort, by inference, to the soul of the old established democratic organ of this county: The Defiance Democratic Times after running two years in opposition to the old established Democrat, has winked out.

THE discomfited Democrats in the Ohio Legislature swallowed their dose of Standard Oil, and voted for Henry B. Payne for Senator last Tuesday. He has therefore been legally elected Senator. The Republicans voted blank, except two members, who voted for ex-Governor Foster.

AN EXCHANGE says there are several persons going through this State selling what the call "Bohemian Oats," which is nothing more than common oats. Farmers are advised to look out for them and take no stock in the swindle. About a 200-pound bull dog would be a good remedy to use on swindlers of that description.

REV. B. HUSHOUR has been holding a series of meetings at Bloomfield M. E. Church, and has been fairly successful. Upon to Sunday night there had been seven accessions, a gratifying increase in spirit among the members, and a number were seeking pardon at the foot of the cross. It was the intention to close Thursday evening last.

THE M. E. Church at Wesley Chapel, in Adams township, has been the scene of a great religious revival the past ten days or two weeks. Last Sunday is described by a good Christian gentleman who was present, as a second Pentecost, and the good work goes bravely on. Rev. Hoak is in charge. Up to Sunday there were twelve accessions.

OUR Plainfield correspondent writes: "Our rich pastures, fertile valleys, our abundant coal, lime and sandstone, our cattle and sheep on a thousand hills, our moral and literary element, and everything that tends to elevate man and bring him into civilization and human progress, invite a railroad. The interests of capitalists demand that we have a railroad."

MR. J. R. STEWART, the well-known carriage builder, is working a full set of hands and turning out work rapidly. Business has been good all winter, and only one day's time has been lost. The work turned out by Mr. Stewart is first-class in every respect, and the success with which he is meeting demonstrates that the people appreciate his efforts to please.

ON Tuesday of this week quite a number of the friends of Mrs. S. A. Boyd unceremoniously dropped in on her at her residence on East Chestnut street, bringing with them baskets full of good things. They took possession of the kitchen and spread a table that would tempt an epicure. After spending the day most pleasantly they departed leaving a valuable present as a reminder of the happy occasion.

MISS ELLA M. WIDMAN, daughter of the furniture dealer, Mr. C. F. Widman, died at her parents' home on Chestnut street, last Sunday, of lung trouble in her 27th year. She had been ill for nearly four years, and was an exemplary Christian young lady. Her funeral took place Thursday at two o'clock, Rev. Conkle officiating. Her brother and sister, Mr. Geo. F. and Miss Emma, of Delaware, Ohio, were present.

A STRANGER, name not learned, met with an accident near Crooked Run bridge in Jackson township last Friday that might have resulted seriously. His horse became frightened and ran away, falling over the steep river bank and breaking through the ice. The driver and his wife were both thrown out of the sleigh, but neither was injured. Mr. Hiram Haines came to their relief and aided in getting out the horse. The sleigh was badly demolished.

BELMONT county has a County Liquor Dealers' Association, and the president thereof, Mr. J. J. McDermott, was last week sent to jail for a violation of the Scott law. While in jail he will no doubt have time to ponder upon the puritanical spirit which compels a man to obey the law, and when he once more breathes the pure air of heaven will be a loud claquer for the repeal of the best temperance measure ever placed on the statute books of Ohio. It is just such men as this McDermott that are loudly demanding the repeal of the law.

THE deferred meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, will be held in Grace M. E. Church next Sunday evening, January 20, and will be addressed by Mrs. A. D. Lee, of Harrison county, on Zenana Work in India. Rev. and Mrs. Lee were for a term of years engaged in missionary work in India, and Mrs. L. is peculiarly qualified to deliver an instructive and entertaining lecture upon the subject. She should be greeted with a large audience.

MESSRS. W. P. AND J. J. MOORE of the Mohawk neighborhood, left this week for Randolph, Jewell county, Kansas, where they have bought a half section of land and will engage in farming and stock raising. They take with them a number of blooded heifers and four or five head of thoroughbred horses, and a young stallion of the Hazzard breed. Farmers and stock breeders in that part of Kansas will be benefitted by the advent of these enterprising young men in their midst.

YOUNGSTOWN has a citizen who prophisies through dreams. If he could be induced to dream concerning the course of Mr. Bargar upon the temperance question during the next few months, the people of Coshocton county would rise up and call him blessed. There have been a goodly number of prophecies made thereabout but if they were verified by the Youngstown clincher it would relieve the people of the necessity of watching with engle eye the course of the member from Coshocton.

THE stockholders of the Centra Ohio District Fair at Newcomerstown, met last Saturdy and elected the fol- officers for the ensuing year: President, Joseph Fletcher; vice-president, James Forsythe; secretary, J. R. Mulvane; directors, Jenkin Whitesides, A. J. Browning and W. A. Mizer. Mr. Fletcher was the first president of the Society, and in all its history there was never a more prosperous period than during his charge and the remainder of the officers are good citizens and active and energetic. That the fair of 1884 will be a success there is little doubt.

MRS. JOHN G. STEWAET met with a severe and it might have been fatal accident Wednesday morning last. While dusting off a mantel, a bottle of alcohol was knocked off, and falling in the fire became ignited, and exploded, throwing the burning liquid over her arms and entire front. She had presence of mind sufficient to tear off her apron and dress sleeves, and this probably saved her life. The arms from the elbows to the hands are very badly burned and she has suffered severely, but is now in a fair way to soon fully recover. Dr. A. M. Dent rendered medical aid.

A NEWSBOY on Pan Handle train No. 7, west-bound, while passing from one car to another, just west of Coshocton, last Tuesday, slipped and fell from the train. The conductor ran the train for a distance of three miles before he discovered that the boy was not on board. He then ran the train back, and found the boy walking on the track back to Coshocton. When the boy fell from the train it was running at a speed of thirty-three miles per hour, but luckily he fell in a snow drift and escaped injury beyond a few slight scratches. We failed to learn his name.

THE people in and around Bloomfield have the railroad fever, the road in which they are interested being the proposed Pittsburg, Marion and Chicago. A proposition has been made to them to make a survey providing the expense is borne, and this they readily accepted. The money has been raised, and Mr. A. J. Doak went to Pittsburg last Tuesday to consult with General Negly, who is President of the Company. The road is now built from Marion to Chicago, and from Pittsburgh to the Ohio line. It has been on paper for a number of years, and the efforts of the people about Bloomfield are commendable.

A LINTON correspondent writes to the Cambridge Jeffersonian to criticise a number of the "young and fair ones" of that vicinity for their conduct in church, and a subscriber writes us a lengthy reply, in which the burden of complaint is that the Jeffersonian correspondent should name the persons criticised, and concluded that "if the correspondent can't say good of the sister in the church, she should not not say bad," because, "as you sow so shall you reap." The correspondent also intimates that there is a way to make the Jeffersonian writer tell who she means. Perhaps there is, but we have never heard of the way, and it is not a question to be settled in the columns of THE AGE anyway. You would better go to the Jeffersonian with your sorrows.

READER, if you are not a regular subscriber to this paper, ask yourself candidly if you do not feel that you ought to become one. It shall always be the aim of the publisher to make it a first-class, clean paper, chronicling all the important news, and omitting the vicious and corrupt. Nothing shall appear in its columns that tends to demoralize The type is new and clear, and the oldest of you can read with ease. If you desire to become a permanent reader, notify your postmaster, who will forward your name and address, or you can send direct to the office. Remit in postal note, money order or registered letter, or pay to your postmaster. Money carefully placed inside of envelopes, securely sealed and correctly addressed, seldom goes astray, but is at the sender's risk.

THE next term of Common Pleas Court will convene Monday, Feb. 11th. Last monday the following persons were drawn to serve as Grand and Petit Jurors:

Grand Jurors: A. A. Peairs, Adams township; John Croft, Crawford; F. A. Stafford, Washington; Chris. Kleinknecht, Crawford; S. B. Palmer, Jackson; J. A. Weatherwax, Monroe; Michael Fesler, Tiverton; S. H. Howell, Washington; E. W. Powelson, Linton; John McCabe, Tuscarawas; C. J. Graham, Jefferson; Daniel Bentz, Crawford; Joseph L. Rue, Tuscarawas; Wm. McFarland, Washington; J. F. Baughman, Washington.

Petit Jurors: James Miller, Tuscarawas township; William Marlatt, Linton; J. L. Rodgers; Lafayette; Peter Tillman, New Castle; E. S. Bucklew, Clark; George Roller, Franklin; Emanuel Wright, Virginia; Alexander Curtis, Monroe; James F. McCleary, Franklin; Arnold Babcock, Oxford; Stephen Underwood, Bedford; P. S. Philips, Virginia.

THERE has been some disposition to cry sour grapes and do a little discontented chattering about the circulation of THE COSHOCTON AGE, by a little eight by ten purveyor of personal chitchat and scandal, that would like to be dignified by the term of competitor, but it is scarcely worthy of notice. All the publisher of THE COSHOCTON AGE has to say is that the circulation is now better than it ever was, we are daily receiving evidences of appreciation by the public, and if at any time advertisers desire to consult, for legitmate purposes, our list of subscribers, our books are open. We do not know what number of subscribers the other papers in Coshocton have, neither do we care; but so long as we continue to please the people and enjoy a healthy and substantial increase in patronage, we are content. The bona fide circulation of THE AGE last week was 2560.

THE annual meeting of the Coshocton County Agricultural Society was held in City Hall last Monday, President DeMoss in the chair. Upon motion of Mr. Parrish, of Jefferson township, the number of directors was increased by four, making a total of sixteen. Directors were then elected as follows: Lewis DeMoss, W.W. Bostwick, B. F. Ricketts, Darius Maston, Perry Darling, Alex. Dinsmore, C. Skinner, Joseph Love and T. M. Marshall. The terms of Messrs. Love and Marshall will be for but one year, which will make eight to elect yearly hereafter. The board will meet next Monday for organization. The Coshocton County Wool Growers Association met at the same time as the Agricultural Society but the attendance was slim. A spirited discussion arose over the proposition to hold a farmers institute some time in February, but no conclusion was reached. The question will be decided by the Directors at the meeting Monday.

THE proposition of Col. A. E. Boone to extend the Black Diamond Railroad from Zanesville to Coshocton is meeting with a considerable degree of enthusiasm along the proposed line. A meeting was held at Adamsville a few evenings ago, and the Zanesville Daily Courier of Wednesday says: 'A goodly sum was subscribed toward defraying the expenses of a preliminary survey, and Messrs. A. C. Tomlinson, C. A. Geyer and J. A. Snoots were named as a committee to canvass for subscriptions.' Messrs. C. F. Aler, G. W. Bell and R. B. Tomlinson were appointed viewers to assist Engineer Edmund Turner in selecting a line. The Adamsville route, for a railway to the northeastern part of the county, is believed to be entirely feasible, as it certainly is to be desired. As Col. Boone only asks for the free right of way and the cost of running the line, it is safe to say that his conditions will be complied with. The people in that section have been thoroughly in earnest for some years past in their desire for a railroad." If this line should be built Coshocton will derive great benefit from the increased local trade that would reach us from Otsego, Adamsville and vicinity.

THE item in these columns last week concerning the abuse given a dumb brute by one of the butchers in this town, resulted in several calls upon the editor; and as a matter of justice we can say that the guilty person is not of the following: D. C. Martin, John Shaw, Adam Haller nor Haller Bros. We have understood that the matter will be presented to the Grand Jury. The deed surely deserves punishment. In this connection, a remark made by Mr. Thomas Wiggins, of Lafayette township, while talking of the case, is rather laughable. Speaking of the cow having been tied to a tree for something like eighteen hours, during the bitter cold weather, he declared if he had passed by and discovered her in that position he surely would have killed her in order to put her out of her misery, "for," said he, "I drank milk from that cow when a boy, and I could not bear to see her so suffer." Mr. Wiggins is over 60 years old.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Pike township to say that in October last an old lady in that township met with a serious accident whereby she was rendered helpless. To secure proper treatment a widow, Mrs. Jones, of Dresden, was employed to live with her. Mrs Jones has two small children, and it was the agreement that she should have a home for herself and children and receive one dollar per week compensation, she in return to care for the old lady and the outdoor work—feeding, etc. Upon this contract Mrs. J. broke up housekeeping, left her home in Dresden, and went into the services of the old lady. Later on—in November—Mrs. Jones was unceremoneously thrown out of house and home, and but for the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wright, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gault, Isabel Steffy and others, who came to her relief, furnished her a temporary home and a liberal donation, she would have suffered severely. Mrs. Jones desires to extend her sincere thanks to these good people. The censure upon the parties who caused her to be thrown out is deep. In justice to the injured old lady, however, it should be stated that Mrs. Jones was discharged against her wishes.

THERE is but little that can be said concerning the proposed Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling RailroaB this week. It is now in that position that depends entirely upon the people. If they want the road it is necessary to give that aid and encouragement commensurate with the benefits to be derived from the building of the same. Coshocton people especially should ge out of the lethargic condition in which they are living, and show by their acts that they want the road built. We having many capitalists and property holders who are more directly interested than any other citizens of the town, yet they do not show that spirit that is necessary. It is surely plain to all that brick walls along do not make a town, and if property is to maintain its present value, not to speak of desired enhancement, this road must be built, because until there are better outlets or shipping facilities, than we now enjoy, there is little use to talk of manufacturing of any kind being established in our midst; and agricultural support, as is now being forcibly felt, is not sufficient for the present and prospective pretence of our people. If, gentlemen, you know when your interests are at stake, and desire to look out for number one, you had better take hold of the enterprise.

State Wool Growers' Meeting.

The State Association of Ohio Wool Growers met in Columbus, Tuesday last, with a large attendance. The Secretary, Mr. Sprague, reported that he had organized societies in Fairfield, Guernsey, Hocking, Van Wert, Mahoning, Perry, Coshocton, Hardin, Hancock, Licking, Athens, Franklin, Columbiana, Vinton, Madison, Wyandot, Harrison, Belmont, Morrow, Knox, Monroe and Erie counties. A roll call showed thirty counties with associations in good working order and with an abundance of funds.

President Delano delivered an able address upon the wool tariff, and declared that the old tariff should be restored, and asserted that the party that declared itself in favor of free trade would be defeated. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:

President, David Harpster, of Wyandot county; Vice President, J. C. Stevens, of Hardin county; Treasurer, C. Stoolfire, of Licking county; Secretary, W. N. Cowden, of Guernsey county; Directors, J. B. Jamison, of Harrison, J. W. Pow, of Columbiana, and Jacob Howser, of Marion.

Messrs. A. E. Sprague and M. J. Lawrence were elected delegates to the National Wool Growers' Association.

A resolution was adopted calling upon Congrese to restore the tariff on wool, and declaring that "we will at all times and in all places, without regard to former party predeliction, do all in our power to secure a restoration of the wool tariff of 1867, believing and knowing, as we do, that any less protection than this, will prove ruinous to our business."

Afraid of Investigation

The Democratic press of the State having charged with much positiveness that the election of Henry B. Payne to the Senate by the Democrats of the Legislature was secured by bribery, Mr. Love, a Republican member of the House, introduced a preamble, which recited in customary form the above facts, and then

Resolved, That the Speaker appoint a select committee of five to make a full and complete investigation of said alleged charges of bribery and corruption, and that the same committee shall have power to send for persons, books and papers, and shall report to the House at the earliest date practicable.

The resolution was like a bombshell and the discussion that followed was long and fierce. Allen O'Myers, the Franklin county thug, was the leader on the Democratic side in the debate, and fairly raved in denunciation of the resolution, and wanted one substituted to investigate ex-Governor Foster. It finally came to a vote and was defeated. Mr. Bargar was one of those who voted against the resolution.

Mr. Pendleton is on record as saying that the some cause that secured his defeat would prevent an investigation, and his propheay is being verified. Bribery has been charged openly in reliable Democratic journals, and this refusal, by the Democrats who are charged with having been bribed goes far to establish the truth of the charges. In the meantime the great jury—the people—are slowly but firmly making up their verdict to be rendered next fall.

Birthday Party.

There was a happy birthday party held at the residence of Mr. John Overholt, in Keene township, on Friday, Jan. 4th, it being the 52d anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Overholt. Feasting and mirth was the order of the day, and no one felt happier than the surprised old lady when she came home and found about forty persons in the room, with a nice dinner on the table. A number of useful presents was made.

THE Guernsey Times, having the saloonists down, thus jumps on them, and cries, "damned be he who cries," etc:

The saloon business in Cambridge is reported to be declining. This is the dull season—the season when the proprietors are reaping the reward of their iniquities, chewing the end of meditation, and inhaling the fragrance of a dozen foul perfumes in the county jail. There has been a noticeable absence of business in the Mayor's and Justices' courts since Judge Frazier passed sentence upon the saloonits; and we have a quieter town. So much for the Scott law.

A Card of Thanks.

I wish to express to all those friends and neighbors who showed kindness, sympathy and respect to my aged mother in her long illness and her death, my sincere appreciation and gratitude. MRS. JANE DEARY.

Coshocton, O., Jan. 16th, 1884.

Death of Mrs. Vincent.

Cadiz Republican: Mrs. Jane Vincent, widow of Thomas C. Vincent, deceased, died at her home in Coshocton, Ohio, on Sunday, January 6th, 1884, after an illness of about six months. Her remains were brought to Cadiz on Tuesday morning, this week, and were interred in the cemetery at this place; the funeral services being held at the residence of her son in-law, Dr. John Beall, of this place, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Vincent was a daughter of John McCurly, who was well known to the early settlers of eastern Ohio. She was born in Mercer, Pa., in July, 1801, and was therefore in the 83rd year of her age at the time of her death. She came to Cadiz with her parents when she was fifteen years of age, and was married at this place to Thomas C. Vincent, in the year 1821. Mr. Vincent was for many years one of the most prominent citizens of this place, filling the position of State Senator for four successive terms, in the 33d, 34th, 35th and 36th General Assemblies of the State of Ohio, representing the District then composed of Harrison and Tuscarawas counties. To all of the older citizens of Cadiz and vicinity the names of Thomas C. Vincent and Mrs. Jane Vincent will be as familiar as household words.

To Mr. and Mrs. Vincent were born eight children two of whom died in infancy. The others are General Thomas M. Vincent, of the U. S. Army, who at present resides at San Antonio, Texas; W. Carleton Vincent, of Missouri; Col. Albert O. Vincent, recently deceased, Mrs. Jane Deary, of Coshocton, Ohio, Mrs. Thomas Craig, of Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. John Beall, of Cadiz.

Mr. Vincent died at this place some eighteen years ago, since which time Mrs. Vincent has resided with her daughter, Mrs. Deary, at Coshocton. The history of her girlhood, and of all the active years of her life are identified with the early life and history of this place. She will be remembered personally by but few of those who are now living here, for she has lingered long after most of those who shared in the joys, and cares, and hopes, and pleasures of those early years have passed away. She was a member of the Presbyterian Church from her childhood, and was in all respects a faithful and true woman.

Harmonious Brethern.

To the Editor of the Ohio State Journal:

Hon. Gilbert H. Bargar takes occasion to call me a liar in your issue of this morning. Mr. Bargar simply makes an assertion. I speak of what I know. The gravamen of my charge against him was proven by Mr. Bargar's own letter published by me. That he posed as a Pendleton man during the canvass and made outward professions of supporting him, I will prove by any fifty prominent Democrats who may be named in the town of Coshocton, by as many prominent Democrats throughout the State, and by his own handwriting. It is an easy matter for Mr. Barger to call the man who has cornered him a liar. But it proves nothing as against the documents.

W. A. Taylor.

Columbus, Jan. 8, 1884.

Probate Court.

Brooks Johnson, confined in the county jail, pending an examination on a charge of assault with intent to kill, was admitted to bail.

Joseph Finley, administrator of the estate of John Shannon, deceased, vs. Isaac Shannon, et. al. Real estate ordered to be appraised and sold.

Marriage licenses were issued as follows:

William Speckman and Hattie Cross; James B. Watson and Mary A. Tearney; William L. Strong and Caroline Parsons.

Real Estate Transfers.

Mary E. Skinner to Sarah E. Skinner, part of lot 48 in John Burt's addition to Coshocton, for $500.

Mary E. Skinner to Sarah E. Martin, part of lot 48 in John Burt's addition to Coshocton, for $300.

William Frederick to B. F. Frederick, 5 acres in Jefferson township, for $200.

Rachel Bown to Henry Bown, lot 27 in New Moscow, for $50.

Jacob Bretzius, administrator of Michael Bretzius, to John Hecker, 40 acres in Crawford township, for $1700.

Elizabeth Heater et al to Hicks & Grove, lots 57, 58, 59 and 60 in Warsaw, for $450.

Married.

At the Evangelical parsonage, Helmick, Ohio, by Rev. E. L. Over, Jan. 13, Mr. William Speckman, of Warsaw, and Miss Hattie Cross, of Helmick.

At the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. F. M. Cummings, Saturday evening, Jan. 12th, Mr. Wm. F. Strouse and Miss Caroline Parsons.

Wakatomika.

Chalfant's Cornet Band gave an entertainment last Saturday evening, which was well received by the large intelligent audience. The entertainment consisted of a temperance play entitled "Sparkling Cup," with music between the scenes. The thanks of the band boys are heartily tendered to the friends who assisted to make the entertainment a success. Thanks are due to Misses Jennie Smith, Rhoda Gibson, Emma Trego, Nora Bell and Maggie Bell for their assistance, also Frank Gibson, George Siegrist and Laken Bonham. The boys wish especially to acknowledge their obligations to H. M. Chalfant who managed the play, and Mr. G. E. Sandoe, of Dresden, and Miss Emma Vickers who so ably assisted in the music

Mr. G. W. Huff gave his daughter, Miss Minnie, a surprise birthday party on Friday evening, the 11th. Miss Minnie was taken for a sleigh-ride by her teacher, and on her return she was almost overcome at the sight of a house full of friends and associates who met to give their good wishes to Miss Minnie on her 15th birthday. Oysters and music, mirth and glee occupied the attention of the delighted guests till long after the regulation hour for "ghosts to walk and grave-yards yawn."

Protracted meeting began at Chalfant's Church on Monday night. It seems that the meeting was not sufficiently advertised, and the consequence was that Brother Roberts found most of the lambs of the flock, and a few of the wethers, too, attending a hop at "Little Steve" Compton's.

At 3 o'clock last Monday morning, as J. P. Staggers and Henry Trego were slowly meandering along, holding sweet discourse on the beauties of nature and the Scott law, the old gray mare they were driving, not liking the personality of the remarks, ran away and threw them from the sleigh, mashing J. Trego's shoulder.

James McFarland's span of colts frightened at the railroad train, ran into Andy Crawford's advancing team, damaged Jim's sleigh, and crippled one of his horses.

Ed Adams and Harry Bryant, two young beaux of Dresden, got into a quarrel about a girl. Bryant being the larger got the benefit of a pen knife.

John Uffner, of Hanover, is visiting friends in this vicinity.

Howard Croy bought a calf for $5. He turned it with a superannuated cow. Dave Gault is a stock buyer. He bit at the bait and bought a fresh cow with her calf for $30. Gault got left, and Croy got sued. Constable Staggers and Justice Dickerson are the only one who made money out of the transaction. IRA L. SHARP.

New Moscow.

Last week was one of the busy ones with the Band boys, winding up with filling the engagement previously made to attend a supper at Mr. John Reeds, near Tunnel Hill. The roads being in fine condition all went in sleighs, arriving just at evening, and soon there came a jolly sleigh full of young folks, followed by another and another until the house was filled with mirth and laughter. At seven o'clock supper was served—and oh, my! what a supper! You should have seen the circle the boys made around the table, and soon they, with fifty others, had feasted on the best this country affords. After supper all seemed to enjoy themselves to the full capacity, with music, etc., until almost 12 o'clock, when they dispersed, many remarking that it was the most enjoyable affair they ever attended. Many thanks to the host and hostess.

Prof. Hertig gave a lecture on Monday evening of this week on Phiyognomy and Phrenology, to be followed by two more lectures if he can get an audience to justify.

Prof. L. M. Crom, of Spring Mountain, is giving a course of instructions to the Band at present, and will be with them on the 17th and 18th. The boys contemplate getting new horns soon. They are at present preparing to play that popular farce entitled "Jumbo Jum." Success boys.

Miss Jennie Bown is not going to attend school at Warsaw, as she had contemplated.

Mr. Chas. Trego and Mr. John Uffner, of Hanover, O., are the guests of Mr. Jos. Trego.

Mr. John Smailes is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever.

Rev. T. G. Roberts is suffering from dislocation of the thumb.

OCCASIONAL.

Keene.

On the first Sunday of this month the M. E. Sunday School reorganized by electing Mr. H. H. Wood as Superintendent, Mr. James Dungeon as Assistant Superintendent, Miss Mary E. Bethtol as Secretary, Miss Anna Adams as Treasurer, and Miss Maggie Beall, as Librarian.

There will be quarterly meeting at the M. E. Church on Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 26 and 27, and the pastor, Rev. Hushour, expects to protract the meeting for a week or two after the quarterly meeting.

Mr. Mat Carroll returned home last week from an extensive visit to Philadelphia, Pa. and resumed his old position behind the counter at D. D. Whitemore's.

On Friday evening of last week there was a sled load of friends came to Mr. and Mr. Harmon Bechtol's to spend the evening. After having an enjoyable time they returned home.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

MADCAP;

—OR—

THE STORY OF A SIN,

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER VII.

And all fancies yearn to cover
The hard earth on which she passes
With the thymy scented grasses

The Shifting Pool lay at the end of a lane, close to the great gates of the Towers, and here, early on the morrow of Mr. Eyre's departure, a woman came with faltering step, and stood beside it, her shrinking gaze peering over into the now dried-up pit below.

"She might have gone in after it," she muttered in a hard, bitter tone; "it was not deep enough to drown her"—then, with a low, strangled cry, fell down on her knees, and rocked herself to and fro, uttering broken words of passionate endearment, as though what she held in her arms were a living thing, and could hear her.

Though close to the village, the spot was rarely frequented, save by a laborer or two going to or returning from their work, and Hester remained undisturbed for more than an hour, at the end of which time a wood-cutter, hastening to the feast of gossip then going forward up at the village, spied her, and rushed, red-hot with his information, into the midst of the crowd, which thereupon set off running as though possessed toward the pool. Such a saturnalia of scandal had never been known within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and the farmer had left his fields, the hind his plow, the wheelwright his shop, and the smithy his forge, the sexton his spade beside a half-dug grave, and the housewife her bread with the yeast rising, to stand in the village street, and talk one against another of the event of the past few days.

And now to hear that she—the inevitable she to whom the whole tragedy might be set down—was actually sitting by the pool, to be stared at and cross-questioned to their hearts' content, gave wings to the slow and strength to the feeble, while all such party distinctions as church and chapel, purse and stocking, being forgot in the general *sauve qui peut* that ensued. The most envied of the company was Jim the Fool, who arrived first, but was able to make no further use of his advantages than to make such a face as transformed him from the harmless baboon to the malignant Satyr.

"There she be," screamed Sally Gengo, who arrived second, "a-sittin' there as comfortable as you please, an' her up yon to be hanged o' Saturday. 'Tis well to make other folks die for sins as we've drove 'em to, ain't it?" and she turned, with a jeering laugh, to the crowd that followed at her heels.

"Tush!" said a burly farmer, who, though fat and scant of breath, had contrived to outstep most of his neighbors. "Young woman"—and he turned, starting with surprise at the beauty of the face that met his gaze—"may be the bairn was drowned against your will——"

"A cuckoo mother," cried Sally fiercely, "who left her young in a stranger's nest! How were she to 'spect other folk to do that for her child as she wouldn't herself?"

Hester had started to her feet, and stood trembling, and looking from one to another of the crowd, finding in the men's faces only a stupid, reluctant admiration, in the women's a cruel condemnation that, whether expressed by word or look, was identical.

"Was your baby so little to ye that ye didn't even miss it, or think it worth seeking till now?" said the blacksmith's wife, usually a gentle soul enough, but to-day made fierce by that which puts the heart of a lion into the timidest woman—the thought of a helpless child abandoned to its death through the carelessness of its mother.

"Can't 'ee speak?" cried another, that impulse of savagery which ever lurks in a crowd, and is prepared to break out so soon as its own fatal strength of numbers is made known to it, giving tongue in her voice. "Couldn't 'ee ha come afore and spoke up a word for the poor soul what's to be hanged o' Saturday for thy sin?"

Hester's lips moved, but she did not speak; above their harsh voices she heard her baby crying, and only a vague regret passed through her mind that the pool was empty, else she might have plunged into its waters, and so hidden herself from the eyes of those who gathered round her.

"An' so nothin' but a young lord 'ull content 'ee," said Sally, standing with arms a-kimbo; "an' you must wear your silk gownd out o' his pocket, and come arter un' to disgrace un' th' very day he comes whoam. Couldn't 'ee ha' bided a bit till he was a minded to go to thee?"

"Let a-be," said the farmer, thrusting Sally aside, who had stooped to pick up a stone and made as if she would throw it; "did 'ee knew th' woman up yon had drownded it, my lass?"

Hester shook her head; her misery was too preoccupied and intense to be stabbed into keener suffering by pity than by taunts; but as her eyes for a second met his, the honest man as unhesitatingly espoused her cause, as he would have risked his life to have dragged a child out of danger.

"Ye could speak up fast eno' last night," said the sexton's wife with a sneer, "When you runned up to my lord an' pulled at his hand, an' called him by name as pat as you please, an' stood talking to him, jest as if them as stood by hadn't got no more eyes, nor ears, than th' stones in th' street!"

"An' you so much older than he, an' should ha' knowed better," said one of the women, in a gentler tone. "He couldn't ha' been much more than a boy at his larning; an' now there's that brought to his door as 'll cling to un all his days."

"M'appen that's why he's bided away so long," said a farmer whose wife was present, and whose hard eye stifled his own relentings; "an' the property going to wrack an' ruin; though if bein' sorry for a sin 'ud mend an estate, there's few in England as wouldn't be well manured from top to bottom."

"Have you got another baby there as you've a mind to drown?" cried Sally, pushing forward. "You're hidin' somethin' under your shawl"—and before the farmer could stop her, she had roughly pulled it aside, and, dragging Hester's arms asunder, caused a shapeless something to roll from her arms to the ground.

Sally snatched it up with a cry of triumph; all who were near crowded round to look, as she displayed to their eyes a little well-worn baby's frock, and a tiny pair of shoes that had been worn, but never walked in.

A tear came to the eye of more than one present as she looked. "Poor soul," said the farmer softly; but as they turned with that new impulse of pity toward her she had disappeared, and none, not even Sally, could tell which direction she had taken.

"S'posin' she meets the young mistress," said the smithy's wife, aghast; "master'll be rare an' mad if any gossip gets to her while he's away. He'll bring us all to book for't when he comes back."

And indeed by this time the penalty of talking gossip of any kind to the master's wife was well known—instant dismissal from his service within doors, stern deprivation of all favor or employment without.

"I han't glimpsed her nowhere's," cried Sally, returning breathless; "'spect she's half way to Marmiton by this'n."

But none heeded her.

"'Tis himself!" cried one.

"What ails him?" cried another, all pushing away from the pool and toward Lord Lovel, who came swiftly down the lane, reaching the group almost before the words had escaped the speaker's lips.

"Is she here?" he said, glancing from one to another, too preoccupied by his fears to heed their looks or even utter the name of the woman whom he had come to seek.

"She just slipped away like a bit o' moonshine," said the sexton's wife, ducking a courtesy, "an' nobuddy saw where she went; but most like she'd be on her way to the jail."

"To the jail?" said Frank, with a sudden look of relief, and made a step forward, but started back, as the crowd dividing, he found himself face to face with the pool, then pulled himself together, and disappeared almost as rapidly as Hester had done.

"Did ye see how cold-like he got as he looked at it?" said one in a whisper. "He've got a good heart so well as a handsome face, an' there's summut fine in the way he stands by her. 'Hev' you see her?' says he, wi'out a blush, just as if she were nothin' to be ashamed on, an' off he goes arter her as quick as a swallow!"

"I'll not believe he's to blame," said an old man, who had only just hobbled up, and leaned heavily on his stick; "the Lovels was allus a sweet-blooded, clean-limbed lot, and there was never a word to th' discredit o' any one o' 'em, an' he's the moral of his father, who died the day after his wife because a' couldn't live without her; so they was buried in one coffin, an' the age o' th' two o' 'em didn't count up to fifty."

"It minds one of a purty old verse, as seems 'twas made a puppus for 'em," said the blacksmith's wife—

Lady Nancy she died as it might be to-day,
Lord Lovel he died as to-morrow;
Lady Nancy she died out of pure, pure grief,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow, sorrow,
Lord Lovel he died out of sorrow.

"That ain't t' whole o't," said the old man, and he repeated in a quavering voice—

And out o' her bosom there grew a red rose,
And out o' her lover's a briar, briar,
And out o' her lover's a briar.

"Poor souls," said the sexton's wife, "but I'm thinking that when death calls up you," and she pointed toward the Hall, "if so be he takes *her* first there'll be two to bury there 'stead o' one."

"Ah! he *do* love her," said another; "'tis only through her that you can strike at th' squire's heart; but if ever she come to know all that lies to his door——"

"An' who'd dare to tell her?" said the farmer angrily; "'twould be a black-hearted man or woman as would do it, an' the squire's steady enough now, an' makes her a deal better husband than one of them mealy-mouthed men, as goes to church regular an' busts out when their wives ain't a-looking."

"To be sure he's quiet enough now," said Phillis, the village beauty, disdainfully, "he don't seem to know there's a woman in th' world but th' mistress. I often think as you old folks remembers a sight o' things as never happened!"

"Ay," said the old man, "you're about right there, my lass; Mr. Eyre ha' forgot it all, an' so had best wo; and arter all, 'tis things as happened thirty year ago that wo mind best, not what happened as it might be yesterday, a bit ten or twelve year at the most."

"To be sure," said the blacksmith; "now there's th' owd squire, God rest his soul, p'raps he's gone by now, an' mebbe he wasn't sorry to go, he've had a pretty good spell at it, an' must ha' bin pretty well past th' old games by—well I mind as 'twas yesterday his wild doin's, if he fancied anythin', whether 'twas passon's daughter or th' cowherd's maid, 'twas all one; a word in her ear, an' off she'd go, and none could stop her."

"Ay," said the old man, with a chuckle of senile delight, "th' young squire weren't far behind him. There was Comfrey Hazel now—her weddin' day was fixed, an' she seemed to like her jo well enough, when one mornin' the squire stopped at her father's door, an' axed a drink o' milk. Out she come, as jimp a lass wi' as apple-bud a face as ever you see, an' handed him the mug wi' a hand all the whiter an' the sweeter for the curd she'd just been pressin'.

"'Will you go a ride wi' me, my dear?' said he, jest like that, an' she looks up, an' catches the glint o' his eye an' the smile o' his lip, an' her heart begins to beat, an' the red looks out o' her cheek, an' he puts out his hand, and she puts hers in it, and her little foot on his'n an' he swings her into the saddle afore him, an' off they goes, her own mother lookin' arter 'em as they went. They was galloping along at full speed, an' she were looking round at him wi' her little red mouth pressed to his'n, when close ahead o' 'em he saw a muck-cart wi' a man in it; 'twere too narrow a lane to pass it, an' the squire were goin' too fast to stop o' a minute, so he just gripped Comfrey tight and set his mare at the cart and over she went like a bird, just touching the pipe in the man's mouth with her heels, the beauty! As the fellow stared stupid-like, Comfrey looked over her shoulder an' saw 'twas her jo, an' seeing him so foolish-like, and all covered with muck, she burst out larfin' at him, then put her hinny mouth up to the squire's, an' 'I'll go with you,' sez she, an' go she did, an' never come back; they call her Moll up to the great city now."

"That's summat like a wooin'," said Phillis, her eyes flashing, her bosom heaving; "I'd ha' gone wi' him, too, rather than ha' took he o' th' muck-cart."

"You'd best stick to th' twenty shillin's a week, and the dozen childer as is most like your lot," said the sexton's wife dryly; "but 'tis well for you there's none to tempt ye, not that you're handsome eno' to please an Eyre neyther th' young squire nor the old 'un ever thought none but a rale beauty worth sinnin' for."

"Th' squire's main bitter agen the poor soul up at the jail," said the blacksmith's wife; "'tis said he wrote a special to London to stop 'am from heeding the recommendation."

"She were a pore thing," said the sexton's wife; "all the quality there to see her tried, an' she wi'out so much as a clean tucker on, an' to keep their washups up all one night 'cos the jury couldn't agree, an' yet not to do a bit o' credit as you may say to the proceedin's. Oh a very pore figure of a woman indeed!"

"She'll cut a porer figure still at her hanging," said the old man, "for hang she will if so be the squire have made up his mind to't."

By slow degrees the gossips had returned to the village street, where they now broke up into groups, standing about at well-known corners, their budget of gossip augmented, not diminished, by the occurrences of the last half hour.

Suddenly some one less busy than the rest descried a figure approaching, nay, close upon the group nearest the Hall, and a silence fell on it, and on the next, and the next, so that the whole street seemed to preserve an attitude of waiting, as Madcap advanced, looking at the gathered groups in wonder.

"Is anything the matter?" she said, glancing from one to another of the startled faces before her.

"We was talkin' about th' owd squire," said the quickest-witted woman, dropping a courtesy, "an' hev you had any news of him yet, ma'am?"

Madcap told them that he was yet alive, and speaking a few words here and there, and calling each by name (for there was not a curly-headed child in the village but knew and loved her), she went her way.

"'Tis like an angel passing by," said one of the men in a low voice as he looked after her.

"Ah," said another, "what a shape, what a bloom, what a smile!"

"And what a heart!" said the old man; "that's th' best of all; what a heart!"

"An' what a voice!" said one of the women, "it's just as if a bird was singing in her always; now it's low, now it's high, but always singing so as you can hear it."

"It seems unnatural like to see her without the master," said another; "be be just her shadow; 'tain't in the Eyres neither; t' owd man couldn't abide his wife though he'd have liked her well enough if she'd been his neighbor's; th' Eyres never did care about what was their own."

"They *do* say that the young lord were in love wi' the young mistress," said the sexton's wife, "an' how he stopped away these six year in foreign parts o' 'count o' her."

"Mebbe 'twas for her sake he deserted th' poor soul we saw by now, an' in revenge she sent the child here by a hand she could trust—but th' pool bein' so near, and th' young lord away, th' woman drown'd it instead o' takin' it back agen," said the sexton's wife, softly.

"But it was hard on him to be met on his very threshold by a sin as he might well ha' forgotten," said another of the women standing by.

"Ay, ay," said the old man, "sin's like kindlin' a fire or puttin' a seed i' th' ground—the fire won't allus stop for your tellin', an' th' seed sprouts an' grows an, ye dunno how many more o' its kind may spring from un—if our wrong doin's 'ud only bide where we 'a planted 'un, there'd be a garden in very man's heart that hisself kept the key, and not God a'mighty."

CHAPTER VIII.

Wha has dune you wrang, fair maid,
And left you here alone?
Or wha has kissed your lovely lips,
That ye ca' Hazel-green?

The smithy by the brook in which the alder-boughs dipped stood dark and forsaken; if a stranger's horse should cast a shoe in passing through the village that morning, he must e'en re-shoe it himself, for there would not be one found to lend a hand in aid.

And beyond the smithy it was more silent still, but the silence was of another sort, for here lay the coppice, that lovers' walk which of evenings was never without its rustic pair, but by day rested still as a cloister with the flowers for nuns, and a bright-winged, angelic-tongued choir of birds for choristers.

Here you might see, side by side, the poplar, with its pale shimmering hue, and the fringed larches tender green, mingling with the young beechen stems, that went arching and intertwining in a natural trellis overhead, their shining leaves just bursting from their yellow gloves, like young girls shyly emerging from their workday grab to don a glistening robe of silk.

Here, too, might be seen the pale sweet sunshine of the late-tarrying primrose; and here, nestling close to the beechen roots, the wood-sorrel drooped her exquisite little head in endless replica toward the vividly green cup formed by her trefoil leaves, while hard by, the male fools orchis stood stiffly at arms, the ugly custodian of so much beauty.

"God has two dwellings," said a divine; "one in Heaven, and one in a contented heart;" and I think Madcap's heart was never so fit a dwelling, nor did it ever reach a higher beat of gratitude than in that moment, when, with a sudden vivid realization of the perfect happiness of her life, she stood still in the midst of the lovely alley and unconsciously stretched out her arms to the unseen Being who was the source of all.

Suddenly she swerved aside, as close at hand she heard a sound as must have carried comprehension with it, even to one who had never heard or dreamed of pain—the stifled desolate cry of a soul in extremest anguish, that believing itself alone with its God, calls upon Him by name for succor.

Madcap trembled—crime and despair had never in any shape approached her, and the language they used was unknown, yet she intuitively felt the depths of the pit in which yon lonely soul was struggling, and she was not of those who could stand looking on from the shore, and hear unmoved.

The bubbling cry,
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

Close to the beechen roots by which she knelt, stood a pollard oak, whose sturdy body had shouldered away the undergrowth on either side, and also cleared for himself a space behind, as Madcap perceived, when softly pushing her way between the oak and the brambles, she saw into a little green interior which contained a woman, who lay with outstretched arms and face pressed downward against the grass.

For a moment Madcap hesitated, then entered and knelt beside her; hesitated again, then laid her hand softly on that dark, uncovered head, trembling as beneath her touch the woman shrank violently away, with the gesture of a creature that is at once desperate and dangerous in its helplessness.

Madcap drew back. She clasped her hands together, and great, slow tears, born of intense pity, rose to her eyes; in a moment she seemed to realize the gulf that lay between her own happy life and this miserable one to which even pity came as cruelty, not a solace.

For a minute the woman lay motionless, then, like a startled animal that turns with shy gaze to see if it be still pursued, she half looked up, making a screen of her hands, and caught that lovely look of pity bent on her. "Who are you?" she said, in a whisper. "You are not one of those that shrieked at me by the pool?"

"A woman and a sister," said Madcap, with all her heart, as she spoke. Hester leaned a little forward, as one who listens, yet thinks her ears have played her false, then slowly looked up to see what manner of woman was this who claimed sisterhood with such as she.

For a minute the two faces gazed intently at each other—the one, beautiful through all its haggardness and anguish, of olive tint framed in masses of blue-black hair, with eyes

Deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even;

the other so young, so pitiful, so pure. I think that a new world opened to each as she looked, and the contrast of their lives was brought more keenly home than it could have been by a lifetime of words or familiar knowledge.

"I wanted to be alone," said Hester, with that certainty of her story being known to her hearer that is one of the strongest signs of absorbing misery. "I could not breathe in my little room, and so I came out. I'm trying to forgive her, but I can't. I can't—the little baby comes between, and it cries, and drowns her voice in my ears; but I must get used to it—to what she had done—before I see her again."

"Some one has hurt your child?" said Madcap gently.

Hester looked up, a spasm convulsed her throat, for a moment she could not speak, then, "It's dead," she said, abruptly.

"Oh, poor soul! poor soul!" cried Madcap, all the motherheart in her crying out in passionate pity, and drew that miserable head to her breast, and held it there—pure woman and sinning one meeting on the ground of common motherhood, with but one pulse of sorrow between them.

"But it has been yours," said Madcap, as for a moment the woman clung to her as one to whom such clinging is new and sweet. "Nothing can take that joy from you; it has lain in your arms; it has loved you; you have loved it."

"I did love it," said the woman, almost in a whisper; "its little ways laid fast hold on my heart though I did not know it; as Janet said, they came back on me afterward like a tune of music, that you don't heed much at the time, but just drops into your mind bit by bit afterward, but I was proud, and I wouldn't let her see that I loved it. I'd send her away for hours together that I might take care of it myself; and it got to know me, and would smile up in my face just as if I was as good as any other mother; but when Janet asked if she might take it to her home for a bit, I let it go."

She paused a moment, shuddered away from Madcap, then went on again: "I wrote to her that very night to come back; but the days passed and she didn't come, and I was too proud to go after her to fetch it, especially when any day or hour now I might hear Janet's step on the path, and one night at dark I heard it and ran out.

"Think of it," she cried, her eyes seeking Madcap's with a despairing hunger in their depths. "One moment to have your child in your mind *alive*, as you have always known it; for your heart to leap up as at the sound of its coming—to feel it but a hand's breadth away, to run to it, and to be met with empty arms and one little word—*dead!* Nothing warm, living, *real*, that you could clasp to your breast, but a name, a nothing—a word behind which his living body is hid—*dead!* She took me to a grave and said it was his; dead—dead—but never went there again; it was my living child that I remembered—that I wanted—not my dead one!"

She covered her face with her hands as at that moment a bird overhead commenced to sing—and there are moments when a snatch of song will paint to a poor wretch her misery in such colors as neither feeling nor thought have ever had power to paint it for her yet.

"And was there no one to be kind to you?" cried Madcap, the mother-heart in her throbbing in passionate response to this bereft woman's misery. "Your husband, even if he did not love it—some men do not love children—could not he comfort you?"

"My husband!" repeated Hester, shrinking away, a scarlet flush overspreading her pale face. "I thought you knew—I have no husband." A hard look overspread her features, and the shame in her eyes seemed to draw a momentary veil between the two hearts that pity had so closely drawn together.

A moment—no more—and Madcap, remembering only that here was one who had been a mother and was childless, leaned forward, and, stealing a gentle arm round that bowed neck, kissed the poor lost woman on the cheek with a kiss as warm—as real, as though in blood, heart, and life they had been sisters indeed.

For a moment Hester did not speak; then, seizing Madcap's hand, she bowed her head upon it, and burst into the first tears she had shed for years—such tears as spring from that fountain "whose home and source is the bosom of God."

"Are there many in the world like you?" she said, looking up. "If so, it is no wonder men leave women like me——"

"Try to tell me," said Madcap gently; "you have suffered so much. God will forgive you."

"I loved him," said Hester in a whisper; "he didn't deceive me; he never said that he would marry me."

She pressed her hand against the throat, whose workings for awhile prevented speech, then cried out as one from whose crushed heart a spark of rebellion is painfully struck—

"God sells us love at the price of cruel tortures; men, the world, chance, nature—all are against us, and for each happy hour we pay with anguish—and I was happy—I'd sin and suffer it all over again to be as happy as I was then; though I did not even know if the name I called him by was his own, or where he went when he left me alone, as he often did. Sometimes it would come to me, like the grip of a cold hand on my heart, that one day he would kiss me for the last time, and I not know it—till after. He'd been gone from me a month, the longest time he'd ever stopped away, and I'd just made up my mind to tell him something I'd known a long time, but feared to tell him, for he hated anything that interfered with my love for him, when I heard his step, and my heart dried up in my bosom, for something told me that he'd come to say just one word—Good-by. And he said it; standing before me with a look that went past me, for he saw only the other woman beyond—he spoke of the money he had settled on me—all as if I were miles away. I who had been so near to him as it might be yesterday. And however honest she might be, she could be no more honest than I was when he met me first—the world might count me bad, but he knew better than that, and she could love him no more faithfully than I did. I think the one poor kiss that I coveted, but was too proud to beg for, wouldn't have harmed her if she had been as good a woman as you are, and my baby was born upon his father's wedding-day."

"And did he know?" cried Madcap, her heart on fire with pity for the woman, with condemnation for the man.

"Who was to tell him?" said Hester. "My father never knew with whom I had fled, nor did Janet, my foster-sister. To her—when she came at my summons I told nothing, fearing that her wild love for me would impel her to some lawless deed of vengeance upon *him*, and it did, only the punishment fell upon me."

"And so he never knew," said Madcap, looking straight before her; "and perhaps she believes him to be good, and loves him."

"Men like him are always loved," said Hester. "I heard of her once. She was young—little more than a child. I think she must be something like you; and her hair had sunbeams in it, they said."

"You are better than I am," cried Madcap, her hands clasped tightly together, her gray eyes flashing. "I should hate her; I think I should wish to make her suffer too."

"She couldn't have harmed me but for my own sin," said Hester sadly; "and I swore to his friend that I wouldn't harm her, or tell her; and I kept my word. When he begged and prayed with me never to let that knowledge darken her life, something good seemed to come into my soul. I said to myself, 'I'm a wicked woman, but I'll do as much for her as a good one could have done, and I won't break her heart.' Only when I thought she might have got children like him, I felt to hate her. Hark!" she cried suddenly, "don't you hear children's voices? They're coming this way!" and she sprang to her feet, a great light of eagerness and love breaking out on her features. "Perhaps—perhaps one of them may be like what my little baby would have been if he had lived to grow up. I've looked for him so long," she added wistfully, "all the world over, I think; I'd never found anything like him yet."

She parted the boughs and looked out. Dody and Doune came dancing through the shadows hand in hand, their voices preceding them as they came. Doune was impressing on Dody that the latter did not understand riddles, and therefore was not competent to propose to their mother; but Dody maintained a contrary opinion, and pleaded to be given a trial. "Though to be sure," he added, with a shout of glee, "mummy'll never guess it!"

Suddenly the boughs were thrust aside, and Hester, stepping out, ran to the startled children, and down she fell on her knees before one of them, and hugged him all up together to her breast, then put him from her, gazing wildly on his features, then pushed the clustering hair from his brow and caught one of his little hands and kissed it, then wound it round her neck, then dropped her brow on his soft neck. "My child," she cried in a voice of rapture—"it's my child come back to me from the dead!"

Dody stretched his arms toward Madcap. "Mamma!" he said, scared by Hester's wild look and feverish clutch; she loosed him and looked up, a gleam as of heaven shining athwart her face. "Do you hear?" she said; "it was not my baby that Janet drowned in the pool—eyes, lips, hair, all are my child's; she told me a lie, but I'll forgive her, and he knows his mother."

"Mummy," cried Dody, once more struggling to escape, while Madcap, fearing to permit the illusion to continue, yet dreading to awaken her from it, knelt down beside the poor distraught woman and said:

"It is not your little baby—but you shall love him as you will—and he will you."

Over Hester's face a look of awakening came—slowly her arm relaxed, and Dody ran to clutch his mother's neck, while with his little soft hand he patted her cheek and kissed her fondly. "Mummy," he said, "*dear* mummy."

"He calls you mother, too," said Hester slowly; "but he is mine, mine—speak, or I shall go mad," she cried, seizing Madcap's arm; "is he not mine?"

"No," said Madcap gently; "he is my child—it is a chance resemblance that has misled you."

"A chance resemblance!" cried Hester in a terrible tone; "he is either my child or my child's brother—and you are his mother? Oh! it is impossible—he is mine, I say. And who are you—what are you—that you say you are *his mother*?"

For a moment her eyes seemed flames that drank up Madcap's tears of pity—"His father then—is—must be——"

"My husband is Mr. Eyre," said Madcap, feeling as though Hester's eyes beckoned her over a hideous precipice, at whose base life, love and happiness must needs be shattered for ever more.

Neither had perceived Frank approaching with steps that devoured the distance, but at this moment he reached them, and seizing Hester by the arm, lifted her from the ground, and without a word dragged her away.

"Poor 'ooman," said Dody, looking after them; "I hope he won't hurt her. Wonder if that's the one daddy punished the other day, eh, mummy?"

"Mother," said Doune, returning from a prolonged chase after a yellow butterfly, "we've got a riddle to ask you: 'What's a cat got, no other animal's got?'"

"Not none," cried Dody, dancing about with delight. "Oh, she'll never guess it, not never!"

Their voices pierced her heart, she looked down at the two little upturned faces without a word; she seemed to see three, not two, and the father of all three was—was——"

"She can't guess it," said Dody's voice, sounding in her ears as from a great way off, "don't you see how hard she is trying, and she *can't*! Why, mummy dear, *kittens*, to be sure!"

CHAPTER IX.

"I want to take up my cross and follow the true Christ—Humanity; to accept the facts as they are, however bitter or severe—to be a student and a lover, but never a lawgiver."

"Mummy's falleded asleep!" said Dody in a tone of awe, as Madcap sank to the ground, and lay, with closed eyes, against a clump of wood-sorrel no whiter than the face it partly hid. "Mustn't wake her up, eh, Doony?"

"Of course not," said Doune, with decision; and a bee moth sailing by at that moment, the two boys instantly gave chase, and were led such a dance after it over hill and dale that they not once think of their mother for a full hour. Madcap lay so still that a bird hopped upon her shoulder, and a butterfly rested for a moment in a stray sunbeam on her hair; her ears were dull to the distant shouts of the children as to the footsteps then approaching her, and beneath Frank's eyes she rested unconsciously as though she were indeed wrapped in that slumber which knows no waking.

So would she look, he thought, when—when—with a groan he covered his face, for he knew that Madcap was not of those who could live on with all her idols shattered around her.

He folded his arms on his breast, and all the love and longing of a lifetime—all the bitter scorn and hatred of the long-buried sin that had reached forth its lean talon as from the grave, to destroy the innocent, burned in his blue eyes as he stood looking down upon the still face, whose rounded beauty had taken new curves of nobility, that, alas! came suddenly to no human countenance save by the touch of death or the bitter pangs of heart-break. He would not awaken her—let her sleep on; ay, he almost wished forever—for it could not be Madcap who would struggle back to life; Madcap, whose step was music and whose glance was sunshine—the fullness of whose woman's life was grounded in the truth and honor of the man she loved. How many years ago was it that he had seen her tripping over the cowslips' heads, a child playing with her children? There had come to his mind, as he looked at her, some verses that had surely been written for her, and her alone:—

O zun, meake the gil' cups all glitter
In goold all around her;
And meake o' the deaisy's white flowers
A bed in the spring.

O light-rollen wind, blow me hither
The vaice of her talken,
Or bring vrom her feet the light doust
She do tread in the spring.

He shivered in the warm air as she stirred, and sighed. What was he going to say to her?—how should he meet her eyes? he asked himself, as with a long gasping breath she lifted herself, and gazed around.

I suppose that two drowning friends, shipwrecked from different points of the compass, and for a moment tossed up by the waters face to face with one another, do not in that moment either feel or express amazement or gladness at the meeting; and to Madcap it was not strange that Frank should be here—with the old resistless impulse of affection toward him that had never left her, she stretched out her hands, crying, "Oh, Frank!—Frank!"

"Madcap," he said, just as simply, and kneeled down beside her; and so, for a minute, they looked in each other's pale faces, and then a sob broke from one of them; but it was not Madcap.

"Why are you so sorry?" she said, her hand lying cold and still in his. "Then it is true—I was not quite sure—there are so many men in the world, but now I know; and you must not be sorry for me—but for her."

She drew her hand away and put it to her head, trying to remember. "Something came to my mind as my senses were slipping away," she said. "*All love is lost save upon God alone.* That was it. It was a strange thought to come into my head, was it not? I have been very happy." She looked up wistfully at Frank, but his eyes were bent on the ground as he stood before her.

"I always said that I should die young," she went on, in a voice as like her own as a white-throat's song is to a blackbird's "and I was sorry—but that was nothing. And so he stayed away so long, because—because——and that is why he did not ask me before he went; and Lady Betty was right—and—and no doubt he loved her once," she added, below her breath, shaken out of her torpor by a sharp headlong spasm of that jealousy whose fierce pain makes a woman humble, and shows her to her own heart helpless at the feet of her master.

"You love him, Madcap?" cried Frank, as one who speaks against his will.

She dropped her head on her hands. "Love him!" Ay, she loved him—loved as we must love, as we do love for evil as for good, and the deeper the sin, so it be not against ourselves, the more closely we cling to the sinner: we loved him in his honor—shall we thrust him from us in his shame? But to the woman who has always looked up, that moment is a terrible one when she sees her other self laid in the dust; and realizes that henceforth she must love him, not for that better part that might live forever, but as a human living clod that, even while she clings to it, may be resolved into nothing, and so escape her.

"But I will give him back to her," she said, scarcely above a whisper. "I will learn to live without him. Only I must get away before he comes back; and you will help me, Frank? She will forgive me, perhaps, when she knows that I suffer too."

How strong in the thought, how powerless in the action, is this same [illegible] that does not take into account human flesh and blood, habit, duty, nothing that we know and hold on by! Even in that moment of renunciation, human feeling gripped Madcap fast, and asked what life would be without him? Love cried out that it starved, and would be fed; the shadow of sin cleared from that beloved face, and left only *him*—that indestructible something that she loved. She said to herself that she would be dumb, deaf, blind, imbecile; but to his side she must creep and cling. The man's wrong-doings seemed far away, the man most near in that moment of strong impulse toward him.

"Why do you not speak for him?" she said, looking up with some of the old Madcap fire kindling in her eye. "You loved him once, and he loved you, too, though he was dishonest to you—but I made him that; he would have spoken for *you*—he would have told me not to believe it."

Frank turned suddenly, and across his brain there flashed one of those wild ideas that have stamped a man as now as hero or madman—a moment, and he had adopted it as one of those forlorn hopes that, by splendid courage or audacity, have now and again been pushed to a victory that has reversed every law of likelihood. He drew his breath hard, and said—

"You have been very happy, Madcap, and, please, God, you shall be happy still. My dishonor will not break your heart; and it was not a very long misery for you, after all." For a moment he took her little cold hand in his, then loosed it, and stood apart.

"Poor Frank," she said, with the ghost of a wan smile, "you would make me happy if you could. I think you would even give your life for me; but cannot give me this, dear! no one, not even he, can make me happy now."

"Can I not?" he said; and moved yet a little further away. "But at least, Madcap, I can tell you"—he paused, and went paler than she—"the truth."

"No," she cried, her face flaming up; "that is his affair, not yours."

"No," he said, and in the ring of his voice there was less of entreaty than command: "it is mine."

Madcap looked up; this was a new Frank who stood before her,—no boyish sweetheart, dependent on her will, but a man as strong to love, ay, and to sin, may be, as Mr. Eyre himself.

"Madcap," he said, and his voice was as one who spoke by rote, "there are other men in the world besides Mr. Eyre. Can't you think that it might be some one you know, some one you called your friend?"

Madcap's arms fell to her sides, she hardly seemed to breathe as she gazed at him; then, like a shipwrecked mariner, who at the eleventh hour sights land, she flung them high above her head, and "It was *Barrington Eyre*!" she said.

For a moment there was a dead silence, broken only by the shrill whisper of the grasshopper-lark in the meadow hard by; then—

"It was not Barrington."

Something in his face struck her; she seized his arm, and looked up in his face, feeling herself violently snatched back from the verge of so awful a joy as brain and heart might not well endure.

"O! Frank, Frank, it was *you*!"

He looked down on her without a word. His sweet little Madcap, who had vexed his heart full sore, but who had never worn any but kinds looks for him yet,—to whom he had never lied; if ever he had any poor hope of shining in her eyes by his constancy, by his long faithfulness, this was the end of it—this was the end."

"It was a boyish infatuation," he said, pushing resolutely on, since in movement only was there safety, and a moment's pause might bring defeat. "She was years older than I; it was a man's folly that you cannot be expected to understand," he went on, almost harshly; "and for God's sake, Madcap, spare me the recital of it."

"A folly," said Madcap, into whose heart every word of Hester's had cut deep; "you call it that, Frank, you promised me that I should be happy; are you telling me a lie?"

"Ask the village," he said, "the whole county even—they will tell you if I have lied or no."

"But the resemblance," she cried, with no blush of shame—in the supreme issues of life the bastard emotion finds no place, "the resemblance to her own child that she saw in mine."

"She is almost insane on the point," he said, "and beholds a fancied image in all she looks on."

"But she spoke of my wedding-day," said Madcap swiftly.

"When I—broke with her," said Frank, still in that hard monotonous voice, "I told her that I was going to be married; she must have found out your name, and thought that you had married me—not Mr. Eyre."

Madcap fell on her knees, covering her eyes.

"I can't take it," she said, "this great happiness; it is as if I had stepped over your dead body, to get it back again; husband, dear love, forgive, forgive me," she whispered in a low cry whose intensity bore the weight of a prayer and a blessing in one. She had forgotten Frank, who stood at a little distance, looking down on that half-hidden face upon whose mouth a smile had

Waxed too holy,
And left the lips praying.

Suddenly she looked up and saw him standing apart—downcast, and pale, but with so much nobility and bravery in his face as ill befitted the character he just then filled.

Frank—who had never lied to her—whom she had never known but as her faithful friend and sweetheart—after all these years to come back and stand face to face with her thus.

She passed her hand across her brow, looked at him, then away, then back again, crying out from her very heart, for her own happiness made pitiful, "Oh, Frank—Frank——"

He knew all the question contained in that cry, and stood silent beneath it, motionless as a carven image of despair.

She had come close to him; he felt as though he were a wretch thrust out into hell, and yet able to look up at the star-lit skies of Heaven, as he slowly lifted his eyes to her face, on which was a great light of pity, and trembling joy.

"Frank," she said, and he turned suddenly toward her, wishing that this moment, in which she looked and spoke so kindly, might last forever. "You were so young then—you did not know—but now you will repair the wrong you did her—she has suffered so much—and she loved you."

"What do you wish of me, Madcap?" he said.

"You will make her your wife;" and she took one of his hands between both her own; "and we will love you, he and I, better than ever."

"You know not what you ask, Madcap," he said sadly; "it is impossible—women do not understand about such things."

Somehow as she looked at him then, she realized that a man may truly love a woman, yet have another side to his character, of which she knows nothing; and his likeness changed in her eyes as she looked, and grew hateful to her—some jealousy perhaps, mingled with her scorn, as she cried—

"No! they can only suffer; God does not let them die; and man will not let them understand; and so you have been bad all through—a coward and a traitor to both her and me. If you had a grain of manliness in you, you would have told me the truth before her, and not [illegible] half an hour of such agony as a lifetime of happiness could never wash away the memory of!"

"Half an hour," he said; "it is a long time; yet some miseries last a lifetime."

"As hers must," she said, with a [illegible] that showed how the sting was killed away from her heart, and the spirit elastic, and unbruised as ever, within her. "But at least I will go to her; I will tell her that I did not wrong her as she thought; perhaps she will forgive me then."

"She bade me tell you that she would not see you," said Frank slowly. "It will be unwise in you to make any such attempt."

"Are you my keeper?" she said, her eyes flashing; then trembled, thinking of how near this woman and she had been to each other an hour ago; and, passing Frank by as if he had been her lackey, went proudly away, till pride gave place to sorrow, and that in its turn to joy; so that unconsciously to herself she danced along the last few steps of the coppice like a maiden hurrying to the tryst.

"She did not suffer long," said Frank aloud, when the last white fold of her gown had vanished; "it was quickly over; and I will take care of the rest."

(To be Continued.)

A Patent Car Coupler.

There will never come a time when the headquarters office of a certain railroad line will not receive at least one visit a week from the man with a patent car coupler. During the last fifteen years he has called about four times a week, and that average is being maintained in a way to wear out half carpets as fast as manufacturers can desire. The car couplers are not all alike, but the inventors are. The programme is as regular as if it had been adopted by a large majority. The inventor asks for the President of the road and is shown to the office.

"Good morning. Is the President in?"

"No, sir; he won't be in until after dinner. Anything special?"

"Well, rather special. I have invented ——"

"Ah! A patent car coupler! You must go to the General Superintendent."

"It's the biggest thing of the kind ever heard of."

"Yes, I know, but you'll find him four doors down the hall."

The inventor opens the fourth door and a clerk inquires:

"What is your business?"

"Well, I had a lame foot last summer and couldn't do much of any work, and so I set about it and ——"

"Invented a car coupler, of course! The General Superintendent is not in. The third door to the left for the Assistant."

The third door opens to reveal an attendant ready to inquire what is wanted:

"Well, being I had got to come to town to buy myself some hickory shirting, I thought I might as well bring along ——"

"Your patent car coupler. We were expecting you. Go down to the yard master."

"Everybody in our town says this is the biggest thing ever invented, and I reckon ——"

"Right this way to go down to the yard master's office."

The yard master isn't in. The train dispatcher won't listen. The gate keeper has no time. The depot policeman may look at the invention some other day. When he entered the depot with that patent coupler under his arm his mind was made up to let the Michigan Central or Lake Shore put it on their cars for $50,000 cash down. Two hours have done the business for him, and as he starts up town the coupler is recklessly thrown under a seat in the waiting room, and the inventor hopes, from the tops of his boots, that somebody will steal it before he gets back.

Matches.

At Jonkoping, Sweden, is the oldest and largest match factory in the world. It was established 100 years ago, and there are now to be seen specimens of the matches used at the beginning of the present century, consisting of big fagots of wood furnished with a handle and a tip to dip in a bath of sulphur. The wood from which the present kind of matches is made is taken from the adjacent forests, which are divided into fifty sections. Every year one section is cut and then replanted with young trees. The trees are hewn into planks in the forest and cut into slivers in the factory. The boxes are made of the outside of the trees. The factories are on the banks of lakes which are connected with one another by wide canals.

Millions of matches are turned out each day. Some idea of where they all go to may be obtained from the statement that there are at least 280,000,000 of matches burned each day in the United States, or an average of five matches for *each* person.

A young woman who was married three months ago was asked how she was getting along with the mysteries of housekeeping. "Oh, I'm learning very fast. Why, would you believe it?" she exclaimed, "I hemmed a whole towel myself in six hours yesterday."

"My poys," said a German sergeant to a squad of United States regulars, "I vish you to understand dot I am von of de pest-hearted vellers in de vorld. Don't you believe dot?" "Oh, yes, sir," answered the members of the squad. "Dot's all right. I'm von of the pest-hearted vellers in the vorld except ven I'm on duty, and ven I'm on duty I'm a beast. Isn't dot so, poys?" "Yes," faintly replied the crowd. "Dot's all right, too. Und, now, shust remember, poys, I'm always on duty."

The story is told in Paris of an American lady who, at an inn in Normandy was deputed, as being the best French scholar in her party, to make arrangements for their accommodation. She did her best—which was a long way short of perfection—but the clerk did not catch her meaning, and his remarks were Greek to her. Finally, in desperation, she said, slowly and with awful distinctness: "Do—you—speak—English?" "Wa'al, naow you're just talkin'," shouted the clerk. "Guess I'd orter speak English, I was raised ten miles from Bangor."—*Portland Press.*

Railroad Traveling in Europe.

The first thing that is likely to strike an American traveling for the first time in Europe, as being specially peculiar, is the marked difference in the railroads and their management, as compared with ours at home. The cars are much smaller than ours, being but little larger than those used on our narrow-gauge roads. Each car is divided into four or five apartments seating from four to eight passengers. These compartments are entered from the sides of the cars, and are entirely separated from each other. After one gets used to the change it is quite a pleasant way to travel. Especially is this true if four or five friends are traveling together; they can usually have a section to themselves, and this is decidedly pleasant as we have already found. With a well filled lunch basket a day's travel in one of these rooms with a couple of friends, is very enjoyable indeed. You have the same privacy and seclusion that you would enjoy in your own home.

On the whole, traveling here is much cheaper than in America. First-class tickets are sold at about 3 cents a mile; second class, 2 cents; third class, 1½ cents; fourth class at about three-fourths of a cent. There is but little difference between the first and second class compartments, both being very nicely upholstered, and quite comfortable. The third-class has comfortable seats, but they are not upholstered; and the fourth class is without seats. The second and third class cars are the more largely patronized, very few going first-class. I have noticed many seemingly well-to-do people go into the fourth class cars. Many who go fourth class carry with them camp stools, while others stand up the entire journey. The cars ran at about the same rate of speed that we are used to at home, perhaps a trifle slower, but there is not a noticeable difference in this respect.

There are also sleeping-cars (*Schlafwagen*, as they are called here) attached to the night trains.

Great care and caution is used to prevent accidents; especially is this the case in the country where the public roads cross the railroad track. At every one of the crossings a guard is stationed, whose duty it is to open the highway when anyone wishes to ride or drive across the railroad. At all other times it is kept closed, and is only opened when there is no danger from an approaching train. People in Germany are not killed on railroad crossings.

The same care extends to every department of the road. At the depots ropes are stretched along the side of the platform to prevent anyone from being thrown under an incoming train. No one is allowed to pass immediately in front of an engine when it is standing at the depot. These and many other precautions are taken that it might be well for American railroads to import and adopt.—*European Letter by Rev. D. L. Miller.*

A Reverie.

I sat in the old churchyard and gazed around. Headstones and footstones stood in great profusion about the place, and here and there a stately shaft stood proudly guarding the last resting place of some wealthy family. Before me lay a headstone that had broken off, as if it, too, sought oblivion. It was moss-grown and old. Beneath it was the dust of a human being whose race was run, whose lamp was out. Perhaps, he had been old and neglected, as was the stone above him, and in broken-hearted silence he had gone down, to rise again only at the great resurrection day. Love and hate, joy and sorrow, had no more hold upon him, but the clay, from which he had come, embraced him again. Like the humble monument above him, he had been straight and strong, but at last he broke down and decayed, and is now forgotten. The life of man is but vapor—he lives, he dies, and that is all of earthly existence. A few years, perhaps, he is remembered by friends, but they, too, must follow him, and thus does all memory of him perish except the story which is told upon the headstone, and that also passes away. This is no new theme, but it is one well worth a moment's study. Near by, a little grave looks fresh and clean, an aged woman, with a quiet care, places flowers upon it, though many years have gone by since this child passed to the other shore, the mother's heart still beats for it, and hopes to meet it in the happy days to come; her memory sees the childish face full of glee or hears the joyous prattle of the little tongue, and the merry patter of tiny feet are fresh in her mind. How sad the contrast—motherly care and friendless neglect. However, all must end in dust, and some day the grave of the child, and the grave of the man, will be as one. Another day and another race will know them not.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Some Quaint Russian Proverbs.

Roguery is the last of trades.

Every fox praises his own tail.

A debt is adorned by payment.

A good beginning is half the work.

An old friend is worth two new ones.

When fish are rare, even a crab is a fish.

Every little frog is great in his own bog.

Trust in God, but do not stumble yourself.

Money is not God, but it shows great mercy.

If God don't forsake us, the pigs will not take us.

Go after two wolves and you will not even catch one.

The deeper you hide anything the sooner you will find it.

Ask a pig to dinner and he will put his feet on the table.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

Never take a crooked path while you see a straight one.

Disease comes in by hundred-weights and goes out by ounces.

Fear not the threats of the great, but rather the tears of the poor.

With God, even across the sea; without him, not even to the threshold.

A father's blessing cannot be drowned in water nor consumed by fire.

The Schoolboy's Turn.

You've quizzed me often and puzzled me long,
You've asked me to cipher and spell,
You've called me a dunce if I answered wrong,
Or a [illegible] if I failed to tell
Just when to say LIE and when to say LAY,
Or what [illegible] makes,
Or the [illegible] Chesapeake Bay,
Or the [illegible] lake.
So I [illegible] MY turn, I do,
To ask a question or so of you.

Can you tell what "phen-dube" means? I [illegible].
Can you say all off by heart
The "eeny, tweeny, ickery ann,"
Or tell "alleys" and "commons" apart?
Can you [illegible] I should like to know,
Till it hums like a bumble-bee?
Can you make a kite yourself that will go
Most as high as the eye can see,
Till it sails [illegible] like a hawk on the wing?
And the little birds come and light on its string?

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

PERSONAL AND POLITICAL.

THE average pay of school teachers in Pennsylvania is $1.40 per day for men and $1 for women.

GENERAL JOHN COCHRANE, of New York, has forsaken the Republican party and joined Tammany Hall, because he is opposed to the protection of American industry.

SENATOR ANTHONY has declined to be chosen President of the Senate because of failing health. If Senator Edmunds does not press his claims, there is a probability of Senator Sherman being chosen.

THE Youngstown Vindicator, a Pendleton organ, says: "Let the hatchets all be buried and the pipe of peace sent round, and every disgruntled Democrat invited to take his whiff at it in silence."

WISCONSIN has paid $10,579 in bounties for the scalpes of noxious animals the past year. Twice as much was paid last year. Under the laws of the State any citizen who kills a wolf receives a bounty of $5, and for killing a wildcat or lynx, $3.

A BILL has been introduced in the Mississippi Legislature to abolish the municipal goverament of the city of Jackson, the capital of the State, on the ground that it represents only the disreputable elements in the place—gamblers, rum sellers, and worse.

AN OLD citizen of Dale county, Alabama, was fined $80, including costs, at the late session of the United States Court, for cutting wood off the Government land. He had no money with which to pay the fine, but rather than mortgage his land, concluded to serve ut othe fine in jail.

EX-POSTMASTER GENERAL TYNER announces that the Republican party will have "a walk over in the Presidential race, and, indeed, it may have, but it won't do to be over-confident. Tyner is an exuberantly sanguine Indiana man, who always puts the small end of the telescope to his eyes when he looks for the enemy's position.

REPUBLICAN Congressmen returning to Washington, the correspondent of the Post Journal says, all confirm the impression that there is not a Presidential boom for any candidate visible anywhere. They assert that the best possible men should be elected as delegates to the Chicago convention, and that then the question of candidates be left entirely to that body.

THE Independents in West Virginia are willing to unite with the Republicans in the coming State campaign, and the Wheeling Intelligencer favors a coalition, provided it involves no surrender of principles. The protective sentiment has made rapid strides in the State of late years, and the Republicans have strong hope of wresting the government from the Bourbons and electing a majority of the Congressional delegation in November.

IT IS now stated in one of the papers engaged in booming General Butler for the Presidential nomination that he has Irish blood in his veins, and that one of his mother's ancestors fought at the battle of the Boyne. The statement artfully stops right here, without mentioning on which side his ancestor fought, or in which of the annual battles of the Boyne it was, leaving the General in the best position to gather in the votes of both the Ribbonmen and the Orangemen on the strength of this story.

THE fence war in Texas is reaching serious proportions. Governor Ireland has addressed a convention of the stockmen, disclaiming having advised the fence owners to redress with shot-guns the wrongs done to them by the fence cutters, but concluded in this remarkable manner: "If you find a man setting fire to your barns and cutting your fences, and you should shoot him—well, I make no pledge." This, it is said, was "vociferously applauded," being taken as a pledge that he would pardon those who killed fence cutters. The inference seems not unreasonable. Texas is a great country.

EX-SENATOR THURMAN uses some strong language in his letter about the Ohio Senatorship. He does "not want to see a political cut-throat bossism inaugurated for the benefit of a close party syndicate." He perceives that a machine is being created, amply supplied with "money to work it, and under the absolute control of a boss or bosses," which seems to refer to the peculiar methods of the Pocket-Bookwalter gang. In order to set up this machine, he finds people at work "to kill off the men who have heretofore enjoyed the confidence of the party," and flatly refuse "to be a pall-bearer at their political funerals." There is considerable harmony to the square inch in Ohio, at present. But to hear the genial Thurman talking in this way, after all that he has undergone! In the classic language of Hosea Biglow, "Who'd expect to see a tater all on eend at bein' biled?"

BROADBRIM'S NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Jan. 14.

Just at present writing we are suffering the most violent form of a New England craze, and woe be unto him who shall attempt to stem the tide. It began two years ago with Oscar Wilde; it culminated to-day with Matthew Arnold. I freely admit that the difference is many thousands of millions of miles between the stupid blockhead who masqueraded here with sunflowers and knee-breeches, and the greatest modern prophet of æstheticism. Nevertheless I can't help asking myself what is all this row about, and what has Matthew Arnold done to entitle him to receive such adulation as no man living or dead has received in a century.

Great thinkers are by no means plentiful, and the world can well afford to do them honor whenever they appear. They are the men who light the beacons on the hilltops, and who give the soundings of all the dangerous rocks and shoals along the sea of life, but if you should ask what Matthew Arnold has done not one in five hundred could tell you. To the great mass of the people his works are sealed books, less known than the Vedas or the Khoran.

Here and there you may perhaps meet a scholar well versed in polite and philosophic literature of the day, who has rsad his "Essay or Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," "Heinrich Hein," "Literature and Dogma," "God and the Bible," &c., &c., but the mass of common reading people never even heard of them, and it is safe to say that not one in fifty of his audiences even know them by name.

The work which brought Mr. Arnold most prominently before the British public was undoubtedly "God and the Bible." But in that work there is not a line that has not been as well said by hundreds of men before him. The philosophy which made Tom Paine a social Pariah; which sent that other Carlyle to half the prisons in England; which put William Cobbett under a cloud, and sent the gentle and learned Newman into Coventry, has deified Matthew Arnold till men and women bow down and worship him. Men and women who would no more touch the Age of Reason than they would the leprosy, march around with elegantly bound volumes of God and the Bible under their arms hardly aware that it contains doctrines more radical than Tom Payne dared to utter a hundred years ago.

Mr. Arnold, as the pupil and admirer of the late Thomas Carlyle, announces himself as the enemy of shams. If he is so in truth he cannot but be disgusted with the hollow masquerade of which the people of the United States now seek to make him one of the dancing puppets.

Lord Coleridge on parting from us announced the arrival of Matthew Arnold as the greatest living Englishman. Lord Coleridge did himself injustice. One of the greatest living Englishmen bid us good bye when he left our shores. A gentleman, modest, courteous, and wise; an honor to English jurisprudence, and an honor to mankind. It is indeed a singular sight to see all classes of our people losing their heads over a man whose works they never read, and who if they had read them would have found them much beyond their comprehension. We can't all be æsthetic philosophers. There will be as long as the world lasts plain common-minded people, who are unable to split hairs when the question is on their God. They have an old-fashioned God that they say their prayers to when they go to sleep nights, who lightens their burdens of grief and to whose protecting care they commit themselves with hope when death comes near, without a doubt and without a fear.

Matthew Arnold's God is a very beautiful God for educated philosophers, but the old-fashioned God will have to do for the common people at present. I honor the men who, through suffering and persecution, have fought for an idea for the advancement and elevation of humanity. These are the saints worthy of canonization. But the laborer who comes in at the eleventh hour is scarcely as worthy of his hire as he who has borne the heat and the burthen of the day.

It certainly is a remarkable craze from which we are now suffering. We have English actors, English singers, English preachers, and English tailors. The most fashionable modiste is, like Worth, of Paris, an Englishman. In fact we might begin to fear that the perfidious Briton was trying to undermine our republican institutions and capture our eagle, if we did not find consolation in looking over the list of our Board of Aldermen, and then we find hope for the republic of the future in the names of Carroll, Cochrane, Duffy, Fitzpatrick, Foley, Kenny, Burns, Sheehy, Lacy, Farley, McLaughlin, O'Neil, O'Brien, Reilly, Driscoll, McCarty, and McQuade. These flanked in by clerks, by Holohan, O'Grady, and McShane, inspire us with hope that the British lion is not going to have it entirely his own way.

Mrs. Langtry made her first appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theater on Monday in a piece called Peril, a drama intended to show how far a married woman may tempt the fates and not fall from grace. Mrs. Langtry ought to be able to play that part well. A woman who can trust herself alone in a Pulman car for weeks with one of the best looking young fellows in America, indulging in champagne suppers and all that that implies, until her reputation stands on the ragged edge, certainly ought to know something about Peril. Still, if she had no more ardent lover than Mr. Coughlan, she might squeeze through without any serious injury, though appearances would be decidedly against her.

Notwithstanding its fine dresses and magnificent scenery, the piece was a failure, for the woman can't act. She does not know what it means. Old fools, and they are plenty, and young fools, and they are not scarce, will pay from two to five dollars to look at her, but after all, as Sir Charles Coldstream remarks, "there's nothing in it."

Religious matters are being stirred up quite lively in our sister city, Brooklyn. Hyatt Smith, the erratic Baptist minister who forsook his congregation to go to Congress, has returned to the pulpit till the country needs his services at Washington again. It is not likely that his religious services will be disturbed very soon, as those who loaned him money on which to get elected had to take fifty cents on the dollar. The Rev. Justin Fulton, of the Rink, is being sued by the Rev. General Conway for his salary as assistant pastor. Dr. Fulton says he does not owe General Conway a cent, and General Conway says Dr. Fulton is a ———; well, I wont tell you what he did say, but it signifies a person who does not tell the truth. Dr. Fulton testified that he considered his late assistant as a dead beat, and General Conway regards the pastor of the Rink as a big fraud.

A row in the Lee Avenue Baptist Church ended in kicking out the board of trustees and the election of a new board. The fight has been a bitter one, and, if we are to believe the accounts the rival factions gave of each other, the penitentiary would be a more fitting place for them than a church.

The auction of Plymouth pews brought a premium of over $25,000, a slight falling off from last year, but still a much larger premium than is paid by any other church in the country.

The progress of civil liberty in our land was elegantly demonstrated on Monday night by some apostles of Herr Most. The German dry goods clerks formed an early closing association, and, this being a free country, they commanded the dry goods stores to be closed at 7 o'clock.

One unfortunate German on Broadway did not obey their command, so they hired a band of music, and got some transparencies with the mottoes "Down with the tyrants," "We will have our rights," &c., and with paving stones and soda water bottles they smashed his windows, which cost eight hundred dollars, and ruined a large amount of goods. Hurrah for the eagle! Who says we are not free? Altogether too free, says

BROADBRIM.

A Horrible Tragedy in Russia.

A few week ago seven girls, employed at a sugar factory in Balta, near Odessa, in Russia, left that town in the evening to return to their native village at some distance. The girls, belated on the way, resolved to pass the night in the fields and proceed at daybreak. They had located themselves near a haystack in a field adjoining the highway, and, having some slight fears of robbery, placed their united week's earnings in the hands of one of their number for greater safety. The unfortunate girls were all fast asleep, when they were attacked by a number of young men. The girl who had secreted the money in her dress had taken the precaution to cover herself with hay. The miscreants, finding no money on the persons of the other six girls, murdered them in cold blood. They then fired the stack, and in the conflagration and smoke the surviving and terrified girl effected her escape and reached the village in safety. The alarm was given, and the murderous band were all arrested. The survivor had recognized the murderers, who were all employed in the same factory as their victims.

WE warrant Downs' Elixir to give satisfaction to all who use it for coughs or colds, or money refunded. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

Congress and Utah.

The debate upon Mormonism has begun in the Senate. There is no subject, perhaps, with which Congress will deal at this session which the people will watch with greater interest. The workings of the Edmunds act, and the discussions that have followed it, have aroused the country from the discreditable indifference with which this question has been treated for so many years. The only point upon which there is any difference of opinion among the law respecting classes of the community is as to how far Congress can go in striking at polygamy without stepping over constitutional bounds. It is evident that the discussion of the question will be embarrassed by the scarcely concealed sympathy of many Democrats in Congress with the Mormons, such as led Senator Brown, of Georgia, to say that the real trouble with the Mormon problem is that the Mormons "are not as good Republicans as the leaders of the Republican party would wish them to be." Party lines are not likely to be strictly drawn, however. Senator Brown and Senator Edmunds alike dispute the constitutionality of the plan proposed by Senator Cullom and others, substituting for the present government by a helpless Governor and an all-powerful Mormon Legislature a Governor and a Council of nine members to be appointed by the President and Senate.

It is evident that the debate will show a wide divergence of opinion even among those who are most earnestly in favor of thorough action against polygamy, and it is by no means clear what the result will be. Senator Edmunds, who is quite as zealous as Senator Cullom or any other leader on that side, has already warned the country against the folly of expecting the immediate extirpation of polygamy as the result of legislation, the operation of which is necessarily limited. He has shown his belief in the wisdom of continuing moderate measures by introducing a bill to enforce publicity in all kinds of marriage ceremonies, legal and illegal, to compel the production of books, papers, witnesses, etc., and to suspend women suffrage, which is a tower of strength to Mormonism. The Edmunds law, which he framed, denies to polygamous Mormons the right to vote and hold office. He insists that to go further than this, and deny to all citizens of Utah the right to vote, as the Council plan proposes, would be to punish the innocent with the guilty, that it would be unconstitutional to give the commission any law making power, and that the change in the form of Government would not bring the suppression of polygamy any nearer.

India a Great Granary.

Mr. John. W. Bookwalter, who has just returned from a visit from India, gives some interesting data in a letter published in the last issue of Bradstreet's. According to him the India farmer with a forked stick can raise an acreage of over eleven bushels to the acre, most as much as an American farmer can with the best scientific machinery. The fact would go to show that the soil and climate of India are more suitable to the growth of wheat than those of this country. The British Government are doing all they can to improve this condition of affairs and are supplying India gratuitously, or for a merely nominal price, with plows and other implements of agriculture, fashioned so as not to offend the native prejudice, and yet combining all the latest improvements; and yet it must be borne in mind that this India farmer is the most economical human being. In fact he has to use cowrie shells to buy his food with, for the smallest coin of his land is fare too large to waste upon a dinner. Hence food is very cheap and the money which the American farmer spends in a year upon chewing tobacco would alone more than keep his Indian rival in all the necessaries of life for the same time.

In another way, too, the British Government are fully alive to the exigencies of the situation. Instead of leaving greedy corporations the power to mulct the farmers out of an enormous slice of the profits by excessive freights, the policy of the British Government is to cheapen transportation by railroad. Within the last year freights have been reduced 50 cents per eight bushels, and further reductions go on apace. Besides new railroads and canal enterprises are springing up on all sides and meeting every encouragement from the Government.

Health is Wealth.

It is worth more than riches, for without it riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using Kidney Wort. It acts upon the Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists. See advertisement.

A War Over Fences.

The announcement that the message of the Governor of Texas was principally devoted to the "fence war" no doubt reads strangely in the East. Texas has a "fence war," however, and a serious one. Large cattle farms have multiplied in that State in recent years, and as they have been fenced in with the impassable barbed wire, the roving classes, which include many classes in Texes, have found long used roads and paths closed. The immense size of these ranges has made it a serious matter to be obliged to go around them, and it is complained that owners have done little to provide gate ways and openings. The countyseat of Jones county, for example is said to be entirely surrounded by a wire fence at about fifteen miles distance with only two or three gates in its entire length. Fences are numerous which are eight to ten miles long, or even fifteen to twenty. The result has been that fences have been freely cut. Men have cut their way into these inclosures, and then have had to cut their way out. This practice has bred a habit of wanton fence-cutting on the part of the herders and cow boys which has reached such proportions that the State may almost be said to be in commotion over it. The chief subject demanding the attention of the Legislature is that of the fences. The Governor has already unofficially expressed the oppinion that the land owners should make their inclosures smaller and open roads at suitable intervals. In his message he appears to have combined recommendations of this kind with others for stringent penalties against the fence-cutters, who seem to have a lawless public sentiment on their side.

The Interior Department has a controversy on its hands very much of the same kind, the seat of the trouble being in the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, where it is a common practice to enclose large tracks with barbed wire for grazing purposes.

These abuses reached such a height that about a year ago the Government gave notice that it would make no objection to the destruction of fences which interfered with settlement, and it has brought suits against persons unlawfully inclosing public lands. In Texas, however, the chief trouble is because of the cutting. The barbed-wire fence is a problem which never worried our fathers, but it is evident that modern wisdom must soon grapple with it seriously.

The State Official Changes.

For the first time in twenty seven years—says the State Journal—by the changes which occurred Monday in the State House, every elective office, excepting one member of the Board of Public Works, is filled by a Democratic incumbent, excepting in the office of Auditor of State, there have been political changes in all the other offices during that time. Wm. D. Morgan, of Licking county, who was elected Auditor of State at the first election under our present Constitution, in 1851, was the only Democrat elected to that office during the time mentioned, until Keisewetter was elected in October last. During the four years of Mr. Morgan's incumbency of the office Reuben Wood, and William Medill were Governors, Wiliam Medill and James Myers were Lieutenant Governors, William Trevitt was Secretary of State, John G. Breslin was Treasurer of State, George W. McCook was Attorney General, all Democrats. During the twenty-seven years Democrats have held State offices as follows: Governor, William Allen, 1874-1876; R. M. Bishop, 1878-1880; Lieutenant Governor, Jabez M. Fitch, 1878 1880; Secretary of State, W. W. Armstrong, 1863 1865, and William Bell, Jr., 1875 1877' Treasurer of State, Anthony Howells, 1878-1880; Attorney-General, L. R. Critchfield, 1863-1865, and Isaiah Pillars, 1878-1880; Judges of the Supreme Court, George Rex, W. J. Gilmore and John W. Okey; Clerk of the Supreme Court, R. J. Fanning, 1878-1881, School Commission, J. J. Burns, 1878 1880.

Governor Hoadly will be the thirty-third gentleman who has filled the office of Governor of Ohio since the admission of the State into the Union, and the twenty-ninth that has been regulary elected to the office, two Speakers of the Senate and two Lieutenant-Governors having succeeded to the office by the death or resignation of the Governor.

NO MATTER how long you have been a sufferer from Rheumatism, there is hope of a cure since the discovery of Athlophoros—the champion remedy. Many write to confirm this. Their letters make a verdict which is unanimous, impartial, strong. As an instance, Alvin G. Vail, Crawford county, Iowa, writes. "I send for five dollars' worth of Athlophoros. The bottle I used has helped me very much. Pain all gone, but some lameness yet, and well there might be, for I have been troubled for thirty-five years with rheumatism."

GOVERNOR LOWRY, of Mississippi, has been moved by the prevalence by shooting habits in the State to suggest a method both of prevention and cure which must have startled the Mississippi mind. This is that a law shall be enacted making it unlawful to kill or attempt to kill any one with what are known as concealed weapons, whether in self defence or not. A citizen would be at liberty to pick up a stone and kill a man in self-defence, or to knock him down with a stick, but no pistol must be used under penalty of going to the penitentiary. In his zeal to stop free and easy shooting the Governor seems to have gone even further than was consistent with the Anglo-Saxon ideas of self-defence. The effect of such a proposition in Mississippi must have been striking. We hope it won't injure the Governor's chances of re-election.

IT IS said that Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree was the only voter last week on his resolution in Congress expressing sympathy with the German people in their sorrow over Dr. Lasker's death, and that the stillness which succeeded the solitary "aye" was broken by another Southern member who shrilly piped out—presumably to a neighbor, but audibly to the whole House—"Who the——was Lasker?" If the illustrious German could have heard it, he wouldn't have minded it much. When he was last in Washington, Colonel Ochiltree took him all over the Capitol, showed him both Houses in session, and introduced him to leading members of each. "Now, Herr Lasker," he asked as he descended the Capitol steps, "what do you think of the Congress of the United States?" "Colonel Ochiltree," replied the other, "you have a very fine building here."

THE train that makes the run of 912 miles between New York and Chicago in 25½ hours makes only seven stops; but there are so many bridges to cross and villages to pass through that the speed is necessarily relaxed once every ten miles—else the average for the entire run might be much higher than 35.29 miles an hour. Its greatest speed is on the run between New York and Philadelphia; and here the slowest mile is made in two minutes and the fastest in 57 seconds. Many a mile is made in 60 seconds. The locomotive on which Mr. August Sinclair, of the American Machinist, made the trip from Jersey City to Broad street weighs 74 tons, and draws a train weighing 200 tons, and on descending grades, when the great machine was doing a mile a minute, the driving wheels made 258½ revolutions a minute.

THERE is another rod in pickle for the French. Some weeks ago information reached the civilized world that the republic's men-of-war which were cruising around Madagascar had been amusing themselves by shelling the towns along the coast whenever they felt like it. Moreover, it was stated, they gave no warning to the unfortunate inhabitants of these ports, and consequently many English residents suffered great loss of property, and their lives endangered. Such proceedings as these are contrary to all the rules of civilized warfare, and it now appears that the British sufferers are reckoning up their damages and will present a bill for the same to the Government at Paris. If it is presented England is just in the mood to see that it is paid.

THE warlike preparations of the Chinese have now reached a point at which danger threatens not only the French, but the representatives of other nations who are residents of the Celestial Kingdom. The Viceroy of Canton has issued an address calling upon the people to prepare to repel the French invaders. This is the first attempt which has been made by the Government at Pekin to stir their subjects into active hostility against foreigners, and there is danger that in their wrath the Chinese will not discriminate between Frenchmen and citizens of neutral nations. The likelihood of riot, therefore, at all the treaty ports in China is thus seriously increased; and riots mean dangerous complications.

THE Government paid $108,000 in counsel fees in the Star-Route cases, Geo. Bliss got $30,000, Ker $31,000. Merrick $17,000, Cook $7,000, and other smaller amounts. The best legal counsel in the Union was hired. They did not succeed in convicting the thieves because a Washington City jury cannot be induced to convict a man guilty of stealing public funds. Might as well ask a jury of horse thieves to convict a man charged with stealing a horse. These thieves were punished, however. The American people weighed the evidence and found a verdict of guilty.

WHEN fevers are prevalent Baxter's Mandrake Bitters will be found a powerful preventive. Sold by McNaughton & Co.

SAYS the Cincinnati Times Star: One of the murderers pardoned by the Governor last Saturday was a principal in the celebrated "tan-yard horror," a crime whose sickening details are still fresh in the minds of Cincinnatians. This man escaped the hangman's rope by the skin of his teeth, and now, after serving only nine years of his life's sentence, he is set free by an official who took no pains to ascertain the sentiments of the public in this city upon the subject, and who certainly manifested an inexcusable disregard for the interests of society. Such acts only increase the growing feeling among the people that crimes, no matter how horrible, can no longer be punished.

TO PREVENT the destruction of the work already done to improve the Mississippi river, the Senate yesterday passed a bill appropriating $1,000,000 to meet present emergencies. A conservative spirit in regard to the matter was developed. Senator Miller, of New York moved an amendment, which was adopted, stipulating that none of this money should be spent for the benefit of private interests along the banks. Eager contractors and lobbyists who see the chances of immense personal profit whenever the Mississippi River improvement scheme is mentioned will hardly be pleased by the Senate's caution.

THE Albany, N. Y. Penitentiary lays claims to the distinction of being the best conducted penal institution in the country. Its annual report shows that it has been self-sustaining and turned a surplus into the county Treasury every year but one since 1851. In 1858 there was a deficit of $10,000. In 1877 its accounts showed a surplus of $50,000. Since 1849 it has met expenses, disbursed nealry $200,000 building additions, and still had an income of $350,000 over all expenses. During the period 42,848 persons have been taken care of. Of these, 35,000 confessed that they were intemperate, 25,400 were single, and 24,500 could read and write.

A QUIXOTIC crusade has been started in Virginia against dueling, just as if the code itself, as practiced in that State, were not too absurd to be seriously considered at all. If the editors and lawyers and politicians find pleasure in going out and shooting at each other with an implied understanding that nobody is to be hit, why should their innocent pastime be interfered with? They entertain an idea that tomfoolery is chivarlous and there is no harm in humoring their little hallucination. By all means let them go on with their alleged duels.

MR. RANDALL expresses the opinion that it might be possible for Congress to adjourn by the 12th of May. From this it may be inferred that the session will last until July, and the country probably owes it to hot weather and the Potomac malaria that Congress does not sit all summer. If the members really wish to distinguish themselves and to build a monument more enduring than brass, let them rush business through and adjourn by the first of March. They can can do it if they want to, and the nation will be infinitely better off.

THE coroner's jury, holding an inquest on the victims of the Belleville convent fire, returned a verdict that the fire department had done all that could be done under the circumstances; that the use of the dormitories above the second story in such buildings be condemned; that the blame must rest upon the management of the institution for not taking the precautions which the size and character of the building and number of its inmates required.

THE price of window glass has already advanced very materially in consequence of the strike, which has been in progress five months, and although the demand at this season is light, it is probable that when building is resumed in the spring there will be a still greater increase in prices. The Pittsburg manufacturers express the opinion that there will be no more glass manufactured before next September.

IT HAS been charged that Mr. Abram S. Hewitt played double in the matter of his O'Donnell resolution; that, having introduced it, he asked a Philadelphia Republican to object to its consideration; that he afterwards called on the British Minister and apologized, explaining that he introduced his resolution to cut off another more objectionable to the British Government.

A LOWELL, MASS., man, with 50 hens, has netted in one year $1.20 from each hen. At this rate, were a man like Vanderbilt or Gould to sell off $20,000,000 worth of non paying stocks, and buy 80,000,000 hens, his annual income from this investment alone would be $22,000,000.

THE claim is often made that a majority of Republicans in the Northwest are in favor of free trade. The Chicago Inter-Ocean denies this, and says that "not a single State or Congressional district Republican convention in the Northwest has ever adopted a free trade or revenue reform resolution."

DIAMOND Dyes will color anything any color and never fail. The easiest and best way to economize. 10 cents at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2 cent stamp.

THE NEW NORTHWEST.

Correspondence Coshocton Age.

SALEM, OREGON, Dec. 24, 1883.

As busy a little town as one meets in a year's travel, and next to Walla Walla the prettiest in Oregon. In coming to this point I found Indians and Indians. They appear representing all the tribes in this part of the country, and they drink up all the essences that the drug stores can furnish. The penalty for selling firewater to an Indian is an exceedingly heavy one, but notwithstanding that, a good many prefer to take the chances of a term in the penitentiary to risking the loss of the Indian's half dollar. In the towns, however, the white man takes no chances, and sells all the peppermint and wintergreen essences that the Indian has the wherewith to purchase. Now, why are these Indians not upon their respective reservations? Or is it the policy of the Government to allow them to roam where, when and among whom they please? Truly are they the aristocracy of the West? They toil not, neither do they spin; and they never want to learn how, either. With their Government annuities, and the proceeds of the sale of their stolen ponies, they are naturally independent and naturally defy the Government when they feel like it.

The country between Portland and this place is as diversified as the most fastidious lover of variety could desire. Nor is the climate so intensely disagreeable as the Eastern people have all along imagined. The winter is not more severe than that of Maryland or Southern Ohio; for the rule is an open winter, with only two or three weeks of sleighing, one or two cold snaps lasting a couple of days, and no genuine blizzards. The rainfalls are in June, and these are followed by three months of delightful and exhilarating weather. The lay of the land at some points of the journey is strikingly like that of Iowa and Kansas, and this portion of the country is rapidly being confiscated for the homes of the hardy pioneers. There is a vast difference, however, between this particular region and that of the Snake River Valley, through which I traveled last summer, and which I conceived to be something a little nearer our ideas of Paradise than anything that I saw in the shape of landscape views either in Dakota or Washington Territory. In this valley the land lies open, much of it still being in the possession of the Government and available for homesteading, as well as claims under the timber culture act. I can hardly see what inducement the home-seeker can have to go further north than this to secure all that this present existence requires in the way of climate, productiveness of soil, or facility of transportation.

As I promised to say something more of Washington Territory, I cannot but refer in general terms to its prospects as one of the great sisterhood of States to which she is soon to be admitted. Just thirty years ago it was cut off from Oregon, making a neat strip of 350 miles from east to west and 200 miles from north to south; consequently containing just 70,000 square miles of real estate. Its population to-day is about 125,000 the majority of whom are residents of the western section. Two-thirds of the Territory is susceptible of the highest state of cultivation, and it is estimated by good judges that there are from twenty millions to thirty millions of acres of excellent forest timber. Its western shore is laved by the waters of the Pacific Ocean, while Puget Sound, the mighty inlet of the North Pacific coast, runs through its western portion. The Columbia River, as I have heretofore observed, is the largest stream on the Pacific slope, and this flows through what is known as Eastern Washington, the Cascade range of mountains being the line of demarkation between the eastern and western section. The inhabitants restrict their employments to lumbering, farming, raising stock, canning the best salmon in the world, and commerce along the Sound. The towns of Olympia, which is the capital, and Seattle, which is all life and enterprise, are, next to Portland, the most important in the Sound region. In the extreme northeastern portion are the extensive forests, in which there are trees that have grown to a fabulous size, some of them measuring 500 feet in height and ten feet in diameter. In due time the Territory, or State, will become one of the most extensive fruit-growing regions in the world, as both the soil and climate are peculiarly adapted to it. For years to come, however, stock-raising will be the most profitable and therefore the most prominent of the occupations of the people, who find in the rich blue grass an equivalent certain and unfailing for all the capital they desire to invest in this wealth-producing industry.

CURED OF SPASMS.

"I am well and happy again," said our fair correspondent, Miss [illegible], Warren, 740 W. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill., "your Samaritan Nervine cured me of spasms."

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SENATOR CROWELL is upon the following Committees of the Ohio Senate: Judiciary, Public Work, Mines and Mining, Soldiers and Sailors' Orphans' Home, Privileges and Elections. He is not Chairman of any.

THE Cadiz Sentinel (Dem.) declared that the choice of Payne by the Standard oil clique "renders certain the position of Ohio in the Presidential contest, and perhaps settles the Presidency, as New York and Indiana probably could not recover from an immense adverse majority in Ohio in October." Of course Republicans are thankful for small favors like these, but then it has always been their intention to elect the President this year anyway.

THE Coshocton Democrat has been compelled to swallow lots of crow in the past year. In the first place it was "teeth and toe-nails" against the nomination of Hoadly; that is, it was when an item could be found in one of its exchanges that suited the editor's views, and was appropriated, and then it was silently though earnestly opposed to the Payne gang, but each time suffered defeat, and swallows the dose without protest. The Democrat, whatever may be said about it, is reliably Democratic, in a party sense, and always endorses what is done in the name of the party, whether repulsive to its better nature or not. The brass collar always fits.

PROBATE JUDGE BROWN is one of the prominent Democrats of Tuscarawas county, and a man who ranks high, both as party man and citizen. He was one of the friends of Mr. Pendleton during the late disgraceful Senatorial squabble, and went from New Philadelphia with a petition to Senator Crowell, asking him not to support Payne. Crowell very unceremoniously but emphatically insulted his constituents by doing just what they desired he should not do, and Judge Brown and his friends are loud in denunciation of the soft-soap Senator. The Judge said to a Cleveland Leader correspondent that he believed the Standard Oil Company spent in Columbus the night of the caucus not ess than $50,000.

LAST Sunday's Columbus Capital has a lengthy chapter devoted to "great floppers," in which is found this brief item:

Chairman Bargar was a Republican and, it is said, was captured by old French Thornhill, of Coshocton, as Bargar was on his way out some years ago to make a Republican speech. He was converted by the promise of Prosecuting Attorneyship, and instead of enlightening the Republicans went with Thornhill and expounded Democracy to another meeting the same night.

In the main we believe this is correct, though the office first captured was probably Clerk of the Court Judge Thornhill used to relate with great gusto how he seduced Bargar, and tell of the bait that was held out, and there are many Coshocton people perfectly familiar therewith.

ALLEN O'MYERS, who is Mr. Bargar's right bower in managing the Democratic managerie now in session at Columbus, was Clerk of the Senate in 1878, and while occupying that position wrote and published a little book in which was given brief biographies of prominent men in the Legislature and of the State. He included an autobiography, and therefore what he wrote of himself may be regarded as reliable, and this brief extract is made that readers of THE AGE may know the character of their representative's associates in the management of the law mill. Mr. O'Myers, (accent the O please) says of himself:

I am "gradually learning that truth was invented to admire, and not for general every day use—that it is a good thing for a man to keep, but that it is a bad thing to permit its jagged ends to wound the sensitive feelings of others. He hopes by practice to become an able, refined, polished and delicate liar—he will never be a great man until he does."

Mr. O'Myers has had six years practice since the above was written, and while he has become an accomplished and unconscionable liar, he has not yet achieved greatness, but he hopes by rubbing against the member from Coshocton for a term in the Legislature to acquire by contact a little of the glitter that has placed Mr. Bargar's name among the Stars of the political firmament. "So mote it be."

The First Temperance Move in the Legislature.

In obedience to the demands of the late convention of saloon-keepers and whisky dealers, the first move has been made in the Legislature by Mr. Casper Lowenstein, of Franklin county, who has introduced a bill for the repeal of the Scott law, and instead thereof what is practically a graded license law. It provides in substance that there shall be in each county a board of Excise Commissioners, consisting of three members, who shall be appointed by the Probate Judge, and whose duty it shall be to obtain from the Assessor's returns and other sources of information, the names of persons engaged in the traffic and assess upon each not less than $50 nor more than $300, the amount to be graded as follows: Upon each business amounting annually to $2,000 or less, $50; more than $2,000, and less than $5,000, the sum of $100; more than $5,000 and not more than $10,000, the sum of $150; more than $10,000 and not more than $15,000, the sum of $200; more than $15,000 and less than $20,000, the sum of $250; all sales above $20,000, $300.

If the business be commenced after the first Monday in June, the assessment shall be in proportion to the fraction of the year. For trafficing in beer, wine, etc., at county fairs, the tax be not to exceed $200 and is to be determined by the Excise Commissioners. The assessments must be paid within three days after commencement of the business, and ten per cent. will be added to delinquents, and in event of non-payment, it will operate as a lien upon the premises. The revenue derived is to be disposed of same as under the Scott law. It prohibits saloons being kept open Sunday and provides a penalty for a violation thereof of $100 fine or imprisonment The penalty of selling to a minor or a person in the habit of becoming intoxicated is a fine of not less than $25 nor more than $100, or imprisonment not less than five nor more than thirty days. Under the Scott law the penalty is fine AND imprisonment, and this is where the shoe pinches the saloonists.

It has been given out that Judge Hoadley is the author of the bill, but it does not dovetail, as it were, with the enunciations in his inaugural, which will be found on page five.

A law that pleases the saloon keepers is not a safe one to pass, and this is in accordance with their desires. If it passes, it is safe to say no saloonkeeper in Coshocton would pay more than $100, and the majority of them $50, and the taxes would thus be cut down more than one-half, and the deficiency thereby created would be for the people to foot. It is safe to say that the people at large are opposed to the repeal of the Scott law and do not want it meddled with, except to make it more stringent.

MR. BARGAR is Chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the Legislature, and stands fourth on the Commit tee on temperance. Will he advocate the embracement of the Lowenstein buzz-saw? His course will be watched with interest.

THE following appears in the Zanesville Daily Courier:

The State Board of Public Works, in session at Columbus yesterday, agreed to transfer to the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling Railroad Company, the right of way for railway purposes along the Walhonding canal, and recommend that the Governor execute to the company the necessary deed. The work on the railroad must be begun within two years, and completed in five years. The Democratic Board has commenced, already, giving away the people's canals to big corporations. The Democratic Statesmen do love the people, they do indeed.

In the interest of truth we desire to correct the misstatement in the above, and to censure the very apparent role of demagogue the editor who penned it apes.

The contract between the State Board of Public Works and the Mt. Vernon, Coshocton & Wheeling road was made while the Board was Republican and the interest of the people is best subserved by the use of the canal for railroad purposes. The canal as it now stands cannot be made navigable without the expense of vast sums of money, and the people up the valley of the Walhonding need an outlet. This can be obtained more easily and with more satisfaction by the building of a railroad than in any other way. The people that are directly interested approve of the action of the Board, and the overdrawn criticism of the Courier is unjust. There are many things in connection with Democrats as a party that call for criticism without straining the truth, and we advise the Courier to confine itself to them.

THE trial of young Nutt, for the murder of Lyman L. Dukes, is now in progress at Pittsburg. The defence will be emotional insanity.

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

The Important News of the Surrounding Counties.

CALDWELL will be lighted by natural gas. The well is over 1400 feet deep.

THE Moxahala Avenue M. E. Church at Zanesville is enjoying a great religious revival.

JACOB GOLDBERGER, china dealer of Zanesville, has assigned. Liabilities $1200. Assets nothing.

SCOTT & WARRELL, merchant tailors of Newark, have assigned. Liabilities $8,000 with liabilities about the same.

THE business men of Uhrichsville tendered Hon. Beriah Wilkins a banquet last week, and a good time was the result.

CAMBRIDGE council have passed an ordinance compelling restaurants, oyster stands, etc., to remain closed on Sundays.

MISS MARY HUBE, of Zanesville, has been bound over to court in the sum of $300 for attempting to shoot A. T. Cassel.

COL. SPANGLER, of Zanesville, who is a member of Governor Hoadly's staff, is a relative of the Spangler family of Coshocton, and of Mrs. L. L. Cantwell.

THE Clinton Paper Mills at Steubenville, owned by August Harje, were partly destroyed by fire. Loss $5,000; fully insured. Business will be continued.

A DEAD infant was found in the vault of an out house on the property of Richard Swartz, at Martins Ferry. No arrests yet.

THE proprietors of the Zanesville founderies and machine shops have reduced wages of employes fifteen per cent. No protest.

HON. REUBEN A. ALLEN, of Uhrichsville, has been nominated and confirmed as Indian Agent of the Blackfeet tribe in Montana Ty.

MATTHEW SMITH, a B. & O. brakeman, had a foot smashed horribly at Newark while making a coupling. He slipped and the car ran over his foot.

JAMES RIDDLE, in the employ of Harper & Harper, of New Concord, proprietors of a creamery, is a defaulter, and has vamoosed. A warrant is out for his arrest.

EX-COUNTY COMMISSIONER HARRIS of Newark, who was arrested upon a charge of procuring an abortion, noticed in these columns last week, was discharged at the preliminary hearing.

THE wool growers of Guernsey county attempted to organize to urge upon Congress the necessity of restoring the wool tariff, but when meetings are called the honest and dissatisfied granger fails to materialize.

HERE is the kind of a county jail they have in Guernsey county, according to the Times: It has been plagued with lice, has been and is poorly ventilated, has been and is poorly kept, and it stinks most abominably.

WHITE & JONES, stone contractors, sued the Licking county Commissioners for $300, a sum withheld because the work performed on a bridge was not in accordance with the specifications. The case was tried to a jury and the Commissioners were victorious.

DURING the strike of the telegraphers last summer the B. & O. telegraph company failed to transmit a message promptly for Messrs. Bloomer & Co., of Zanesville, and as a result they lost $147.50 on perishable goods. They now sue the company for that amount.

ATTORNEY KELLEY called Attorney Anderson an "unmitigated, unqualified dirty liar," in a Belmont county court, and the next thing Attorney Kelley knew, he didn't know anything. Anderson knocked him down sooner than you could say scat.

A FARMER named Chambers, in Knox county, engaged a man named John Jennings alias James Gilling, to haul a load of clover seed to Mt. Vernon. The hand disposed of the seed at $5.35 per bushel, pocketed the money and skipped. Officers are in pursuit.

ELDER TODD, of Morristown, will assume the role of evangelist and do missionary work through the counties of Guernsey, Belmont, Jefferson, Monroe, Noble and Washington during the coming year. He has been hired by the Christian Missionary Society of the District named.

THE Citizens' National Bank of New Philadelphia has elected the following officers: President, Dr. S. O'Donnell; Vice President, Henry Kaldenbaugh; Cashier, Charles C. Welty; Assistant Cashier, E. A. Deardorff. The bank is one of the most reliable in the country.

NEW PHILADELPHIA Masonic Fraternity held a public installation Saturday last. The officers of "Tuscarawas Chapter" were installed by Mr. J. L. McIlvaine of the Advocate, and there of the Lodge by Col. Taylor. The audience was large and was favorably impressed. A banquet followed. Masons were present from all surrounding towns.

THE Holmes county delinquent tax list only consisted of eleven pieces and is probably the smallest in the State. The Farmer rejoices thereat and says "This shows that Holmes is a prosperous county and can pay 100 cents on the dollar every time. Tuscarawas county has nearly four columns of delinquent sales, while Knox, Wayne and many other counties we have noticed, have very large lists."

MRS. HANNAH CARSON, an aged lady of Zanesville, was found dead in her dwelling one day this week. She was sixty-seven. She was found lying on her side on the kitchen floor, and had evidently dropped off her feet while going about in the performance of her household duties. Death probably came quickly, and without pain, as the face wore a calm, peaceful expression.

A MOUNT VERNON boy became so depraved over the reading of dime novels that he procured a bull-dog revolver and started out on a "Texas Jack" raid. He visited a Chinese laundry, and attempted to put a hole through the "washee," and made a raid on a negro hut and attempted to let daylight through the heir of the house. Just then a policeman put in an appearance and the career of the young desperado was checked temporarily, at least.

A MT. VERNON letter says the body of a tramp was found in a cabin about three miles from town by Dr. J. C. Gordon and George Banning, of this city, while out hunting. It is supposed he went into the cabin and was frozen to death. His discharge from the army found in his pocket identified him as Joseph M. Taylor, born in Muskingum county in May, 1837. Nothing else was found on his body to show his residence or where any of his friends could be found.

THE Newark Advocate learns of a sad casualty, which occurred in the vicinity of Flint Ridge, between that city and Zanesville, a night or two since: "It is said that a gentleman and his wife by the name of Gutridge, went to visit their parents, taking their baby with them. When about to return home they wrapped the baby up very closely for the purpose of keeping it warm. Upon arriving home and uncovering the child, they were horrified upon discovering that it had been smothered to death. We understand that Mr. and Mrs. Gutridge had been married but a few years, and this was their only child."

THE extreme cold weather has made the ice very heavy on the rivers, and in the Muskingum there bids fair to be heavy gorges when the breakup comes. The McConnellsville Democrat says: "The ice on the Muskingum this season is playing fastastic tricks. There is a gorge below town, commencing a short distance above Hooksburgh, that reaches almost to Stone's riffle. It has already backed the water up to a heighth that prevents the flouring mills at this point from grinding, and there is no telling how much higher it will go. From Eagleport to Zanesville is another gorge and those who have been fortunate enough to see it say it is the grandest picture they ever looked at. The river is blocked from shore to shore with immense cakes of ice that are piled in all sorts of queer forms. Everybody of course is speculating as to what will be the result when the break-up comes. This much, however, can be safely guessed, and that is, if the present snow goes off with a rain, the blue Muskingum will be a whopper, and don't you forget it."

THE Guernsey Times, with a righteous indignation, thus reads the riot act to the Sheriff of that county:

Yesterday, George Jonshson, who was sentenced to jail for 180 days at the recent term of court by Judge Frazier for violation of the Scott law, was on the streets of Cambridge the greater part of the day, unaccompanied by Sheriff or deputy, free as any man, attending to his business. He was in appearance and for all intents and purposes a well man. Nor is this the only instance where the court's sentence has been disregarded and his official oath disregarded by John M. McGill, the Sheriff of Guernsey county. Other instances of such connivance with sentenced criminals, infraction of the law and neglect of duty, equally as gross and flagrant, can be adduced if necessary. There is sufficient ground for the impeachment of the Sheriff. Such execution of justice is a burlesque upon the court that passed sentence and upon the name and fame of Guernsey county, a very travesty of justice. Either the court was wrong in passing sentence upon these men or John M. McGill has committed perjury over and over again. We are fain to believe that the court was not wrong.

A NEWCOMERSTOWN corresponden writes to a daily paper thus: "During a religious revival at Bridgeville, near here, Mr. Henry Stephen, a well-to-do farmer, suddenly became converted. He became greatly agitated on the subject, and when he arrived home he compelled a man who was boarding with him and who had a lame leg produced by a stiff knee joint, to get down and bend his knees and pray. The man endeavored to get down on both knees, and could not do so, whereupon Stephen became enraged and told him it would never do to pray on one knee and made the poor man try time after time to bend the stiff knee joint, until it greatly crippled the poor victim. Stephen then grabbed his old Bible and his four-year-old child, and mounting one of his horses, rode at break-neck speed four or five miles through a blustering wind. After this feat the half-crazed man then pursued his wife around the house, and greatly frightened her. The fright produced a premature birth, and as a result, she died soon after and was buried this week with her infant child." Bridgeville is a little village in Guernsey county, a few miles beyond Linton Mills. The above account is the only one that has reached this office, and we therefore can not vouch for the veracity of the same in every respect. It may be overdrawn.

F W P's Final Letter.

ORANGE, O., Jan. 8.

My last letter was from Jacksborough, Texas, and a few, at least, may want to know where I am. I will give you a few lines, finishing my uninteresting correspondence.

After leaving Jacksborough I visited some other portions of Texas, and found some better country and towns. Dennison, near the northern boundary of the State, is a pretty town, and growing very fast; has very large stores, hotels, etc., and I found on inquiry, that there were many Northern men there, and a pretty good country surrounding the town. I passed through it in the night when I went South, and could not see the place or country. I found they raise a large amount of cotton there. Dallas is a flourishing town, and much cotton raised there also, and many enterprising men are there. Sherman is a good large place; cotton seems to be the chief product of export. Fort North is quite a railroad center, and the town is growing rapidly. I found Ohio men in most places I stopped, and but few of them were satisfied with the country. One objection was, they could not raise apples; another objection was, that nearly everything they use of farming implements comes from the North—as they call it. Even their bacon, to a great extent, is shipped there. Potatoes (Irish) are shipped there, as they ripen so early they spoil; so with nearly all vegetables except sweet potatoes. Taking it as a whole, it is no place for a Northern man.

The ranch men are fencing the prairies up with wire, but the cowboys or some other persons cut the wires as fast as they are put up—that is in the new part of Texas. The men have given up for a time the fencing, until the Legislature passes some very severe penalty for cutting the wires.

Northwestern Texas must surely be the head of Salt River, the country where the Democrats were so long; but I found there were a few Republicans getting scattered through there since the last few defeats of the party. I shall work pretty hard to keep from going to that country next year.

I see since my return that an Iowa gentleman objects to my description of Iowa. I wrote about the country I passed through, and I think I told the truth, surely in regard to the wheat raising. God forbid that I should say anything untrue about that glorious Republican temperance State. Long may she prosper and wave the glorious temperance banner of the triumphant Western States.

I came up from Texas to Neodesha and telegraphed Mrs. Powell at Winfield, Cowley county, and we started home on last Thursday at three o'clock, it being a very cold day in Kansas, and the fourth day of a terrible storm. The train had been out 36 hours in a snow drift in Chatauqua county. The passengers were taken into an eating house at Oswego. When we arrived there they had a grand supper at the expense of the railroad company. We came to St. Louis and found the train gone; had to wait eight hours Friday, and Oh, how cold! Started at 6:45, ran through to Coshocton nearly on time, with the mercury sometimes down to 23 below zero, and got home at 10 o'clock Saturday night. Found all moving along just as though F. W. had been at home.

Now, Mr. Editor, I thank you for printing my long uninteresting letters. May you have a happy, prosperous year.

F. W. P.

THE Columbus Times (Dem.) declares that Mr. Bargar "has no more manhood in him than would dignify a flea," and clinches the assertion by affirming that "it is becoming doubtful whether Bargar has mind enough to know anything beyond the fact that he must feel that he is doing some outrageous lying." Is it not remarkable how these good Democratic brethern harmonize?

IN STENTORIAN tones Mr. Bargar cries out in reply to Col. Taylor, of the Cincinnati News Journal, "Liar!" Softly, there, Mr. Bargar; such displays of bar room etiquet is not evidence of statesmanship, and an outraged constituency views your course with alarm.

LETTER FROM TENNESSEE.

Sights and Observations from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Marysville, Blount County, Tenn.

MARYSVILLE, E. TENN., Jan. 10.

Leaving the Little Miami Depot in Cincinnati, I went in Bills No. 8. The jehu who was captain of the bus keeps you waiting with the door standing wide open until you shake as with the ague, then drives you across the city at a pace that would indicate that you were going to a funeral, and the consequence is you miss the train just three minutes. It won't do any good to say cuss words, so you just make the best of it by waiting twelve mortal hours, registering a mental vow that the Cincinnati omnibus line is a fraud on the public, and that the next time you will let them alone and hire a carriage which would have gotten you over in ample time for the train at an additional cost of only fifty cents. But you are at last on that wonderful piece of engineering skill, the railroad bridge over the Ohio River. You look from the giddy height down on men cutting ice, who look like little boys, the horses like small ponies, and houses like boxes. You shudder to think the bridge might go down with that immense train of cars laden with human freight. But safe on the Kentucky shore you find yourself passing, for many miles, fine residences, no doubt many of them the homes of busiless men of Covington and Cincinnati. But thirty or forty miles out the country is rough, rocky and not very productive judging from its appearance. Then you gradually come in the blue grass district of Kentucky noted, for its fine cattle and grass and best quality of whisky manufactured there. Lexington is quite a city, and in the very heart of one of the finest farm and grazing countries on the continent. One can hardly help wondering what Lexington would have been if she had, instead of manufacturing whisky, turned her attention to manufacturing cotton and wool.

But here we are at Junction City; we change cars, take the Louisville, Jelico & Knoxville Road, which has only been in operation a few months, from Junction city to Jelico. By taking this route to Knoxville you save very much in distance and five dollars in fare. It cost from Cincinnati to Knoxville $8.25 railroad fare

Soon after leaving the Cincinnati Southern you pass through a very wild mountainous country, the immense hills towering up on either side so high in many places as to darken the little strip between them. The country is rough and inhabited by people equally as rough. As they come in and get out at almost every station, their butternut linsey wolsey, their long unkempt hair, their slouch hats, and the number of flasks of whisky they carry, all remind you of the war times in the South and as you look from the window and see five or six hunters in a skirmish line hunting the quail or rabbit, if they would have only raised the yell, the illusion would have been complete. But these rough mountaineers, whilst doubtless ready for fun or fight, and care not a pin which it is, they at the same time do not mean to be uncivil. They have just been brought in contact with the outside world within a year. The railroad, the great civilizer, will do its work, and these same men will board the train, their hair will be much shorter, they will wear store clothes and paper collars, and will take their seats as demurely as owls. In fact, such is the case now when you get to Jellico, at the State line of Tennesse. From there to Knoxville it is an old road and you note the difference in the people at once. They are better dressed, very quiet, and if they carry bottles of whisky they are carefully concealed. They ask but few questions of their fellow passengers, and in every way impress you that they have been in contact with the great world; have had the rough corners worn off by friction. They will not bother themselves to know who you are, where are you going to, "how long do you allow to stay?" when coming back, etc., etc. But your request for information will be politely answered, as if it was a pleasure to be asked to do you a service.

But we had almost forgotten the lost member of the Kentucky Legislature. He got on the train at Junction City and seated himself beside your correspondent. After the train was under headway the conductor came to him and asked him for his ticket. The distinguished Kentucky statesman handed the conductor several annual railroad passes. The conductor looked them over carefully, but none of them was for his road, and he so informed the distinguished gentleman, whereupon he was quite indignant, but drawing a handfull of silver from his pocket he held it out, and the conductor selected what he wanted and passed on. After which the Hon. Mr. ——— handed me his passes, asking me in a very matter of fact way if I could read. I admitted that I could read a little. "Well, sir, please look at them ar kerds." I did so, and told him that one was on the P. C. road and the others on the C. M. and various other roads, and that the conductor was correct, none was for the Louisville, Jellico & Knoxville road. The cuss words that followed I omit. But after making things slightly sulphureous he proceeded to inform your correspondent that if the railroad companies wanted his vote they would have to give him passes over the roads he wanted to travel, and not where he did not want to go. As a matter of course the railroad system of the Commonwealth of Kentucky is in great danger. But the funny part of my story is yet to be told. Frankfort is the Capital of Kentucky, and the Louisville, Jellico & Knoxville road does not run to that place by a considerable, and our very distinguished friend was on the wrong road. He left the car at a little village up in the mountains, presumably to get a drink, and we failed to see him again. But falling in with a distiller from Lexington, I informed him of the facts just narrated, and advised him to telegraph the Governor of Kentucky, who would issue a proclamation, offering a reward to the finder of this lost Legislator; hope the Governor may find this lamb.

The Lexington distiller informed me that all the still-houses were closed in Lexington, and that many of them were bankrupt. He assured me that if the present Congress did not extend the time for payment of the revenue on whisky now in the bonded warehouses the State of Kentucky would be bankrupted. All of which satisfied your correspondent that the whisky interest of Kentucky, as well as Ohio, had their tribulations.

After you get near the Tennessee line you come on to a little creek called coal creek. On both sides of the road there is being mined a very superior quality of bituminous coal. We were informed that there was a thin vein of cannel coal, but we did not see any specimens of it.

As you near Knoxville the country develops into a good farming and grazing country. Knoxville has a large and increasing manufacturing interest, fine school houses, churches, large business blocks, and has a large northern population. Her population has increased from 4,000 at the close of the war to 20,000 at present time; her increase in wealth is still a greater marvel. Knoxville, on the whole, is destined to be one of the greatest Southern cities.

Marysville is an educational center for East Tennessee. The Marysville College is under the management or control of the synod of the Presbyterian church of Tennessee. But because it is Presbyterians' money mostly and their church that has held up the institution, it is not sectarian, but devoted to education without regard to sectarian dogmas. The faculty is mostly Presbyterian but some members are of other denominations. The greatest liberality is manifested. The colored boys are admitted on just the same terms as the whites, and at present there are several Colored young men in attendance, some preparing for the ministry. Too much credit cannot be given to President Bartel, Professors Lamar and Crawford for their devotion to this institution. Like all other institutions it has had its reverses, ups and downs. But all its troubles appear now to be happily past. They have three very fine buildings, the college lot proper containing sixty-five acres, adjoining which is the college farm of two hundred acres. The college lot of sixty-five acres is a perfect paradise for the birds and the lover of the beautiful, thickly covered with cedar and pine, no art nor culture could excel them in beauty. For health it cannot be surpassed. It is surrounded by a very intelligent and moral community. The town of Marysville has some two thousand inhabitants, yet not a drop of whisky is sold in it. I was in Marysville on New Years day and attended court, and yet never saw a drunken man in all my ten days' stay. This is positive proof that prohibition does prohibit in Tennessee. The law which is called the four mile law prohibits the sale of intoxicants within four miles of any chartered school. Prof. W. A Cate, known to many of your readers, has charge of the English department. There is no tuition charged at Marysville College. Six dollars per year for each student is charged for incidentals. By making it ten dollars the student is entitled to a furnished room with cooking facilities. Many students are thus boarding themselves for about a dollar per week. I know of no place in Ohio where young men can get better advantages; so healthy a location, so few temptations to distract them from their study. The Marysville College is now enjoying a boom. The number of students is larger than ever before. They have just completed an endowment fund of one hundred thousand dollars, all raised in the North and East except five thousand, by East Tennessee. The boy in Blount county, in the future, that is not educated has no one to blame but himself. Any live young man can, by working at odd times, pay his way. Mr. Wm. Thew, of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. Smith, of Dayton, Ohio, and the late William Dodge, of New York, each gave to this endowment fund twenty thousand dollars.

I would feel as if I had not closed this long letter properly if I did not acknowledge myself under many and great obligations for whole-souled hospitality and kindness from many of the citizens of Marysville and Knoxville—not the less because many of them were on the Confederate side in some of the hardest contested battles of the late war, whilst your correspondent was on the other side.

After twenty years we meet as friends at their hospitable tables, loaded down with luxuries, presided over by an accomplished wife, and surrounded by their interesting children. We discuss the future of the new South, and the entertainment is enlivened by excellent music by the daughters. We could not refrain from being thankful to an all wise providence that we had been, on sundry occasions, foiled in killing everybody that was opposed to the old flag. Much as we desired it then, we frankly admit that many of them have lived to make the world better, and assist materially in building up the new South. And whilst we think they erred grieviously in rebelling, yet how terribly they have suffered for that mistake, no one not on the ground could understand. And now, Mr. Editor, after twenty years, next to the men that faced the leaden hail and death in defense of the unity of the Government, I know of no men that I can while away a day of leisure more pleasantly with than those that fought as hard to destroy the same Government. May the smiles of fortune follow them, and may they live long and witness the marvelous growth and wonderful prosperity of a regenerated country.

Next week we shall describe land, timber, stock, &c., &c., of Blunt county. Respectfully,

P. M.

Letter from Wisconsin.

SHAWANO, WIS., Jan. 11.

The ordinary weather prophets of an "open winter" are without credit here; and we are dependant mainly upon the "frogs melt," the "goose bone" or "muskrat" philosophers and actual experience for all we know about the matter. And the latter seems the most reliable.

While the old year, whose mile post was so recently passed, was exceptional and long to be remembered for extreme heat and cold, cyclones, earthquakes, floods, fires, shipwrecks, and other "Providential" events carrying an unusually large mortality list, the young year begins its circle as though it was following in the track of its predecessor. In fact the "perihelian" prophets who predicted pretty correctly the main features of 1883, extended the same influences over the physical diaphram of the present year, and we can only wait with patience to see how near they hit to the facts. As far as the holocausts of fire and fatal events, and the weather is concerned, so far in 1884, it is a fulfillment. During December the mercury in the thermometer was bobbing up and down between zero and 54 degrees and since New Years day it has been from 10 to 35° below at 5 a m, to 25° above zero at noon. The 2nd of December brought 6 inches of snow here which abideth with us yet, without a particle of addition until yesterday

"Gently as fall the autumn leaves,
When frosty days are fair,
The feathery snow came floating down
Like blossoms on the air."

But it floated down so very slow and gentle that it took five hours to add less than half an inch to the old stock, which is scarcely enough for good sleighing, and some of our stages are still on wheels. Here I should say perhaps, that we are dependant upon these stage lines for travel and intercourse with the outer world before we reach a railroad station fifteen miles away. Of course this state of facts would seem a great nuisance to you Coshocton folk, but it is not so very bad after geting used to it. It has i s advantages. It is off the regular line for tramps, and burglars, and dead beats, and missionary agents seeking money to convert the heathen in Kamschatka and the Feegee Islands. But the ubiquitous "commercial" traveler with his grip-sacks and huge iron bound boxes of samples don't forget us. In fact, they find it profitable to come often, and it is considered a cold day when a few don't strike the town—perhaps I should say city, as we have a city with about 1500 inhabitants and growing. It is also the county seat. Speaking of our isolated location and stage travel, there are some of the oldest inhabitants who can remember just how it used to be at the confluence of the Tuscarawas and Whitewoman, when there were not many white women or men either there to tempt the scalping knife of the red man in his own bailiwick. Things have changed since then in many things besides on the face of nature. But few of the heroic old pioneers are left to recount the pleasures and hardships of those days. The after generations can only realize the harvest. Now as a people you have peace, plenty and prosperity, and happiness also, where a clear conscience is kept as a silent partner in practice of the golden rule.

Besides a growing city with a rich productive soil around it underlaid with black diamonds and black marble (?) you have the Chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee with two victories scored to his credit—first the success of the State ticket in October, and second, growing out of the first, the success of the Standard Oil Company giant and overwhelming monopoly in the election of Payne, U. S. Senator; and you have two railroads with fair prospects for another; and THE AGE, the best representation of a live, enterprising county newspaper that I know of anywhere. This is prima facie evidence that it has the endorsement and support of an intelligent and progressive population regardless of politics, who know when they have got a good thing and are bound to keep and enjoy it. THE AGE now contrasted with THE AGE of 1871, is a marvel of enterprise, independence, pluck and merit—the very qualities that an intelligent community will always support and admire.

But fearing that I am getting personal in this digression, I will say that we are to have a railroad this year, unless all signs fail, and the company abandon twenty-five miles of road already built. Then I will invite you to come fishing. A beautiful lake two miles away, forty-seven miles large, with a small steamer plying through its outlet to this city, besides row boats and a sail fleet belonging to the Yatch Club, make it a delightful summer resort, which already attracts a goodly number to enjoy the fishing and the picnic grove on the bank of the lake as a camping ground. The lake being stocked with fish, it is grand sport to take in from three to ten pound black bass, pickeral and pike with trotting line which is entirely a different kind of enjoyment from going over to Roscoe and sitting five hours in the hot sun on the banks of the reservoir fishing for a nibble, and getting possibly half a dozen poor lean little suckers or a hand full of bones called rock bass. But the acme of piscatorial sport is speckled trout fishing which attracts visitors from hundreds of miles away, and perhaps at another time I may relate some of the ludicrous scenes I have witnessed in taking this most gamey and best of all fish.

W. S. W.

AGAIN does Mr. Crowell demonstrate his "loyalty to the old flag," and later on may do the same for an appropriation. He has introduced a civil rights bill. Suffering Democracy how we statesmen do pant for the poor colored man.

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Public Masonic Installation at Spring Mountain.

SPRING MOUNTAIN, O., Jan. 12.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE AGE:—On Friday evening, the 11th inst., the Masonic brethren of Warsaw and other lodges held one of the most pleasant and agreeable gatherings of the craft ever held at this place. The occasion was that of the public installation of the officers of Warsaw Lodge, No. 253.

The craft met at their Lodge room and marched to the "old" M. E. Church, where the ceremonies of installation were most impressively performed by Brother Rudy, of Millersburgh, Ohio. Some well selected and appropriate music, beautifully rendered by the young ladies and gentlemen of the Spring Mountain Choir was interspersed through the services.

At the close of the ceremonies, Brother E. L. Lybarger delivered a short address, which the Lodge voted unanimously to have published, and the manuscript of which is herewith enclosed. Brother Rudy being called upon made a very neat and appropriate speech, after which the "fraternity" and many of the audience attended the banquet given at the "Boarding House," where nearly one hundred persons took supper. The festivities lasted until near midnight, when all went home well satisfied that it was the most enjoyable affair of the season. M.

MR. LYBARGER'S ADDRESS.

Ladies and gentlemen and brethren:—In attempting to address you this evening for a few moments, I shall not undertake to enter into a lengthy or learned discussion of the origin, history and object of Free Masonry. To do this satisfactorily to this intelligent audience, and acceptably to my brethren, would require a greater knowledge of the institution than I possess, and far greater familiarity with Masonic literature than it has ever been my province to obtain.

The exact date when our ancient and honorable order was first organized and instituted among men is perhaps unknown; however, tradition and the discoveries that have been made amongst ancient ruins undoubtedly carry us back to a very remote period in the world's history. I know that some of the more zealous and enthusiastic of our brethren are ready to claim that the origin of the fraternity can be definately traced to the building of King Solomon's temple, where the greatest wisdom was exhibited and the greatest artistic skill displayed without the sound of the hammer or the noise of the gavel, and that the Egyptian Pyramids, the Obelisks, and the grandeur and beauty which adorned the most celebrated cities of antiquity, were the handiwork of our ancient brotherhood.

Whether this be true or false, whether it is reliable tradition or merely imagination, by which our origin is thus traced back to the old Roman Empire, the Pharaohs or the Temple of Solomon, is of very little consequence to us.

Whether Tubalcain, who was of the seventh generation from Adam, was a Mason in good standing or not, does not alter our relation to society at the present time.

As has been truly and well said: "It is of far more practical importance to know what Masonry now is, and what it promises to be in the future than to know its origin or even its past history. If it is to make its impress on the present age, it must rely on something more than its antiquity; it must be a living institution laboring in the field of the present, and not a lifeless mummy from the catacombs of the past." Nevertheless, Masons are perfectly well satisfied with the parentage of their Order, and that it is old enough we are quite sure.

We are equally certain that some of the most magnificent of the structures and cathedrals that were erected in the different parts of Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and which were decorated with all the ornate embellishments that architectural skill could elaborate, were built by the ancient craft who worked in Operative Masonry; certain it is also, that Operative Masonry worked and traveled together during the middle ages, and were known and recognized by each other as such, by certain signs and grips; and all we now claim for modern or speculative Masonry, so far as age is concerned, is that it takes its origin from Operative Masonry, and that its parentage is at least respectable.

In short, our ancient brethren worked in both Operative and Speculative Masonry, while we work in Speculative Masonry only.

What good does Speculative Masonry do? is an oft-put and perhaps a pertinent interrogatory. With due respect to all other organizations of this class, I answer briefly. It is the hand-maid of religion, and practices what the churches preach, its halls are dedicated to benevolence and virtue; its distinguishing characteristic is charity in the most extended sense; and brotherly love, relief and truth are inoculated by its precepts.

It recognizes the Holy Bible as its only great light, and the teachings of the Sacred Word as the only authoritive exponent of moral obligation; it acknowledges God to be the Supreme Architect and Ruler of the Universe, and excludes from its fold any and all who deny the existence of the great Law Giver; it teaches no doctrinal creed nor religious dogmas, while it inoculates every moral and social virtue; it requires no belief in any political faith or party, while it enjoins upon its members the truest loyalty to the government and exacts from them the strictest observance of, and obedience to, the laws of the land, and consequently harbors no traitors; it initiates no woman into its secrets or mysteries, while it throws around her a protection stronger and more potent than was ever extended to womankind by the plumed knights of the most chivalrous age; it has from its earliest existence included among its members and patrons some of the wisest, the purest and noblest of men; its lodges are scattered over all the countries of the civilized world, and its beneficence is distinctly felt by distressed widows and orphans in every land; its friends are not found upon street corners discussing its merits with bigots and fanatics, nor do they proclaim its deeds of mercy and charity from housetops; it dispenses its blessings with quietness and modesty; and without noise, friction or ostentation, it assists in ameliorating the condition of mankind.

To borrow an expression, "Masonic charity is like the cooling moisture from the Sylvan fountains, borne by the breath of the morning to the surrounding flowers, giving them life and beauty, yet no hand is seen and no voice is heard save the song of the fountain."

Such, my friends, briefly stated, are some of the tenets of our profession. I know it is true, however, that some members of our Order are neither good Masons, exemplary Christians nor useful citizens. Bad and designing men have occasionally found their way into all human organizations.

Nor is the Church of the Living God entirely free from impostors and hypocrites. Wolves in sheep's clothing frequently insinuate themselves into the flocks of the Good Shepherd and are found grazing in the same pastures with the lambs of God; but as their presence seldom interferes with the good work of the Church, neither do a few bad Masons contaminate the whole Lodge, impede the progress of the fraternity nor prevent its work of love.

But I am not here for the purpose of defending Masonry against the criticisms of its enemies, nor to answer objections against the Order, which are usually made by men who are entirely ignorant of everything that pertains to the craft.

Free Masonry needs no defense; it makes no apology; it requires no sympathy. It lives and prospers upon the favorable opinion entertained of it by those who enter its portals of its "own free will and accord" for mutual benefit and social enjoyment. It is surrounded by traditions that can never change; and its mystic chain binds together all nations of the world in one common brotherhood.

Believing, then, what I have said to be true, it is certainly consistent for me to be a Mason; and if what I have said is true, then no man is the worse for being a Mason; nor is the society of any neighborhood—if not bettered—made any the worse, in consequence of a Lodge being located in its midst.

Brethren of the Warsaw Lodge, I heartily congratulate you this evening not only on the fact that you are Masons, but also upon the prosperous and healthy condition in which your Lodge now is. For this happy state of our fraternal affairs, too much credit cannot be given to our brother and late Master, who for over five years has held the gave and who has so long managed and governed the Lodge with such wisdom and consumate skill.

He has at all times and under all circumstances labored faithfully and earnestly for the benefit of the brethren, and the good of Masonry, and is entitled to our warmest gratitude In accepting the trust which he has this evening relinquished, and which he so long and faithfully discharged with so much credit to himself and honor to the fraternity, I humbly beg that in the discharge of my duties as Master of your Lodge I may receive the same sympathy and assistance that you invarably extended to him. To the end that my duties may be made more pleasant and easy, and that I may be able to leave the Lodge in as good condition financially, fraternally, and otherwise as I have found it.

"And now may the blessing of God rest upon us, and all regular Masons; may brotherly love prevail and every moral and social virtue cement us;" and finally may we all by the practice of faith, hope and charity, which are the principal rounds of our theological ladder, be enabled to ascend to that Lodge above, and be duly installed in that "house not made with hands, eternally in the heavens."

Washington Irving.

The writings of the most honored of American authors are at last made accessible to all readers, and in such varied and beautiful forms as to delight the most fastidious taste, and at prices so low as to be an astonishment to book buyers and a consternation to book-sellers, of whom the "Literary Revolution" makes no account. As examples we have "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," for three cents; "Wolfert's Roost," ten cents; "The Sketch Book," 20c—these in paper binding but large type; in neat or elegant cloth or half Russia bindings, his "Choice Works" are published at prices varying from 30 to 45c, and his complete works (excepting the "Life of Washington,") in the superb Caxton edition, 6 vols., over 5,000 pages, choice typography, elegant binding, for only $4. Specimen pages or large descriptive catalogue sent to any applicant on request, and orders over five dollars in amount are filled to be paid for after arrival and examination, on reasonable evidence of good faith being given. Address, John B. Alden, Publisher, 18 Vesey St: N. Y.

Judge Hoadly's Inaugural.

The only part of Judge Hoadly's inaugural address that is of general interest is wherein he touches upon the temperance question, and it is herewith given in full. He said:

The proposition to amend the Constitution so as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage was defeated at the October election. But the Supreme Court has held that such prohibition is attainable under the Constitution as it is, and the policy of prohibition by municipal action under powers delegated by the General Assembly has been more than once in the history of Ohio judicially sustained. The evils resulting from excessive drinking are manifold and felt in every portion of the State. Many plans have been proposed, and the labors of many good men are given to the effort to eradicate these evils.

The agitation for prohibition will continue, for, however misdirected, it is an honest struggle against a real evil, for which many believe prohibition to be an adequate, if not the only remedy. But we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that prohibition has failed wherever attempted, and that prohibition of the sale means practically free trade, and that while prohibition of the manufacture may be made effectual, this does not affect consumption but merely forces the dealer to sell goods made out of the State. In the State of Maine the number of licensed dealers under the Federal laws have increased forty per cent in the last three years, and the effect of unreasonably restrictive laws has been felt in the increase of secret and uncontrolled drinking.

No reform is, in my judgement, more desirable than to find some common ground upon which conservative men of all parties may stand in opposition alike to prohibition and to free trade in liquor, which shall furnish adequate legal restraint, not of temperate but intemperate drinking, and not unduly interfere with the right of individual liberty and the duty of self-government Perhaps no measure can be devised that will fully accomplish this result. That which comes nearest is, I am persuaded, the system of license with graduated taxation. By the graduation of the tax or license fee justice is done the dealer, whose burden is thus proportioned to the amount of legal protection he enjoys, and has relation also to his opportunity for mischief By security before license and before renewal power may be given to drive from the trade men of known bad character, and those who have conducted it illegally, and to confine its privelges to law abiding citizens who keep orderly houses of entertainment

Without any amendment to the Constitution the full benefits of the proper system of license and taxation cannot be had. Such amendments proposed in 1851 and 1874 were defeated by small majorities. A different result might perhaps, follow the submission of this proposition by the present General Assembly to the qualified voters at the election in 1885 The alternative amendment submitted in 1883, which would have given power to license, was cast in such form as also to authorize direct prohibition, or prohibition by arbitrary and excessive taxation, and therefore lost the favor of many.

We have to deal, however, with the Constitution as it is, but with the advantage of knowing, from the labors of the Supreme Court, that the act of 1883, commonly known as the Scott law, is not in conflict with the inhibition against the passage of laws to license this traffic. Although this act may not, in the legal or technical sense, establish a license system, it has some of its advantages, produces some of its effects, and in practice largely partakes of a license law. While it does not, in direct terms protect the dealer against the interference during the year, for which he is compelled to pay a tax, it indirectly insures his protection in the undisturbed continuance of his traffic, by the contributions it exacts towards the diminution of general taxation, and by the general interest it thus creates against prohibition or the destruction of the trade. A community to whose expenses this traffic largely contributes and whose taxes it diminishes will not be inimical to its continuance upon economic or financial grounds at least.

I do not believe this law ought to be repealed, but that the graduation of its taxation and the withdrawal of the power of municipal prohibition, would convert it into as just and efficient a license law as is consistent with the constitutional inhibition, without at all withdrawing the force of any of the reasoning upon which the majority of the Supreme Court sustained its constitutionality."

He recommends several things among which are: the amendment of the laws of marriage and divorce; the passing of a civil rights law; the formation of an advisory board of pardons; the amendment of the Russel law so as to omit medicines. A glowing compliment is also paid to the independent voters who refuse to be bound by party.

ONE of the saddest and most pitiful cases of insanity ever brought before the Probate Judge of Licking county, was that of Mrs. Mary Jordan, who had been deserted by her husband. She had been arrested and locked up on complaint; her two-year child being taken to the prison with her. While in the cell she became so frenzied that she tore all the clothes from her body, and threatened to kill any one that came near her. It took hard work for two men to handle her. She was taken to the asylum and the child to the Children's Home.

THE NEW TIMER.

Something of the Man Who Brought About the Meridian Scheme.

Are you able to ride along in a street car without reading every sign-board in regular succession? writes a New York correspondent. Can you pass a row of posts without instinctively counting them? Isn't there something in your mind that irresistibly compels you to step on alternate flaggings, if the make of the sidewalk permits? I know a man who took these tendencies for incipient insanity, and went to a noted alienist for a consultation. Going down Broadway, yesterday, I saw a man who stopped with an odd precision which suggested the questions above given. Not only were his strides strangely perfect in regularity, but it was clear that his course was laboriously calculated. He was watchful for every obstacle. He jostled nobody. He did not have to stop at the corners to avoid vehicles. I called my companion's attention to this singularity.

"He is running himself on an imaginary time table," was the reply.

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"That is William Frederick Allen, the author of the new time system. He is an expert in railroad time tables, and what you see in his gait and movements is a mannerism gained from his business."

There is going to be a "Beautiful Snow" sort of controversy as to the authorship of the new timing plan and I thought it was as well to investigate. My friend was right. Allen is the man. At a desk in a big front room at 46 Bond street, just off the Bowery, he sits during business hours every day. He is a young man whose time is occupied to an amazing degree with visitors, with great sheets of printed figures, with business by telegraph and telephone and with an interminable round of messengers, both going at his order and coming upon errands for others. He is quick as a cat and methodical as a weaver. His friends say that he was always able to do three things at once, and he says that of late twice that number of things is constantly before him. This is the man who has given its new standards of time to the country. He is a good looking, intelligent man, 37 years old, with the spare frame and pale complexion of a man used to hard sedentary work. He wears a suit of black, without jewelry, and his and his close cut side whiskers reaching below his ears gives him the appearance of a young English divine. He is a typical Philadelphian, with none of the dash and show of a New Yorker. He receives a handsome salary, and lives in a pretty house in one of the suburbs. He is married and has three children. Many people had given years of study to the subject before he took it up, and he gives credit to each of those who contributed to what has now been consummated.

The fact of the matter is that the thing could only be done by joint action of the great railroads, and none of those who studied the subject arranged to put their plans in practical shape or to get the ear of more than one set of railroad officials at a time. Their plans were like the house that a rich sea captain insisted upon having built just as he designed it. When it was built, he found that he had to get out into the yard and put up a ladder to get to the second story. They all forgot to put the stairs in their plans. Allen is the permanent secretary of the railway time convention, and helps to make and publish the time tables. It did not take him long to find out that there were fifty-three kinds of time in use, and that this caused incessant and serious bother. That was how he came to look into the matter of standards of time. He utilized Professor Dowd's brilliant idea of dividing the standards by even hours, and then he did what Professor Dowd would not have thought of doing, and couldn't have done to save his neck. He divided the meridianal belts so as to bring the boundaries either at the ends of the big roads or of their divisions, so that no change of time would ever interfere with a train's crew, but new time would start where new crews, new time tables, and, as far as possible, different companies would begin work coincident with the beginning of a new standard. It was a nice piece of work, and required great labor, but when he got it ready he was able to command the ears of the railroad men. This last advantage was essential.

Speaker Carlisle's Wife.

At all official dinners this winter Mrs. Carlisle, like Mrs. Keifer last year, will rank her husband, and if the president is present, will take the position corresponding to his. This official etiquette seems very strange outside of Washington, but here, where so many guests at an entertainment are official, it is absolutely necessary that there should be some rule of precedence, or else there would be bitter jealousies. At a dinner the oldest senator in point of service takes precedence of all other senators present, even though he may be the dullest and most uninteresting one present. In the same way the members who have served the longest take precedence of the younger ones.

Mrs. Carlisle is a woman who can fill any position. She is a Kentuckian, having been born in the city of Covington, where their home now is. Her father was a prominent man in Kentucky, and was mayor of Covington for many years. Mrs. Carlisle inherits the splendid physique of the typical Kentuckian. She is five feet nine inches in height and straight as an arrow. Her figure is as lithe as a young girl's. She is a blonde in complexion, with blue-grey eyes, set rather deep, with marked eyebrows. Her blonde hair is banged and worn slightly waved in the prevailing fashion. It is difficult to realize that Mrs. Carlisle is the mother of two grown sons. The eldest one was married last spring to a Covington young lady. Mrs. Carlisle is very proud of her "two boys," as she always calls them. She has great faith in her husband's political success, and has always herself done a great deal to insure it. She has been as cool as her husband during the speakership struggle, and has not doubted for a moment that he would be the next speaker.

On the opening day of congress when her husband took the chair as speaker Mrs. Carlisle sat in the front seat of the member's gallery—the seat which is always reserved for the speaker's family. She wore a brown cloth suit, trimmed with ostrich trimming, with mantle of the same. A small brown bonnet completed her costume.

Mrs. Logan, who has been visiting her son, who is a fourth-class man at West Point was telling me something of the discipline at that institution. Considering that there are exactly 5,000 rules, any one of which if broken gives a boy a demerit, it seems almost marvelous that they are not all expelled. Young Logan received a demerit for coming out of his room while fastening the upper button of his coat. His room mate received a demerit for leaving in his room a chair by the window instead of by the table, with the legs of the chair at the exact distance from those of the table. Smoking is positively prohibited. One of the instructors, Lieutenant Gale, a very small man, was going the rounds of inspection one night and found one of the young men's room full of smoke.

The cadet stood "attention" when he came in, the cigar having been pitched out of sight. Lieutenant Gales said nothing to the young fellow, and he was greatly delighted, thinking he would not be punished. He ran off to a friend's room and told him of the circumstance, exclaiming about Gale's kindness in not punishing him. That night at drill the young cadet's name was called and an order read to him that as punishment for smoking he should make a "tour" for three successive Saturdays. A "tour" consists in walking in certain limits for an hour. One young cadet the officer have almost despaired of ever making a soldier. He appeared the other day at guard mount in slippers. "How can you ever make a soldier of a man," exclaimed an officer, "who would ride a horse with his feet in slippers?" They are severe in lessons as in discipline; fourteen and fifteen pages of algebra for one lesson is just an ordinary lesson. With such severe strains physically and mentally, it is a wonder that the health of more young men is not permanently injured at West Point.—*Washington Special.*

Didn't Steal.

"Gentlemen," said an Arkansaw colonel, as he stood under a tree from which depended a rope, "I must protest my innocence. I did not steal the mule. I am above petty theft. I know that you all have the interest of the community at heart, and I do not blame you, but there are times when we are all liable to be too rash. If I had stolen the mule my guilt would oppress me until I would beg to be put out of the world in the most summary way."

"The mule was found in your possession," said the leader of the mob.

"Very true, my dear sir."

"Did he jump into your lot?"

"No, sir; I conducted him to the confines of my premises."

"Did you buy the animal?"

"No, sir."

"Did you trade for him?"

"I did not."

"Then who stole him? Let down the rope boys."

"Gentlemen, I hope you will give me a chance to explain. The mule in question was the property of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Major Rugleberry. Some time ago the major and I exchanged a few words of an uncomplimentary nature. I intimated that the major's blood would be very satisfactory to me, and the major said that my gore would please him mightily. Well, we separated, thoroughly agreeing. The next day the major and I met. I got what is vulgarly termed the drop on him and relieved him of the top of his head. He was riding a mule at the time, and when he fell off I saw that he no longer had any practical use for the animal, so I took charge of him. Now, if I had dismounted in the way that he did, I should have interposed no objections to the major's taking my horse."

"I hope, sir, that you will excuse us," said the leader of the mob. "We thought that you stole the mule. Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory and I hope you'll excuse us. Let us all take a drink."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Influence of Woman's Society.

It is better for you, says Thackeray, to pass an evening once or twice in a lady's drawing-room, even though the conversation be slow, and you know the girl's songs by heart, than at the club, tavern or the pit of a theatre. All amusements of youth to which virtuous women are not admitted, rely on it, are deleterious to their nature. All men who avoid female society have dull perceptions and are stupid, or have gross tastes and revolt against what is pure. Your club swaggerers who are sucking the butts of billiard cues all night, call female society insipid. Poetry is insipid to a yokel; beauty has no charms for a blind man; music does not please a poor beast who does not know one tune from another; and as a true epicure is hardly ever tired of water-souchy and brown bread and butter, I protest, I can sit all night and talk to a well-regulated woman about her girl coming out, or her boy at Eton, and liking the evening's entertainment. One of the great benefits a man may derive from woman's society is, that he is bound to be respectful to them. The habit is of great good to your moral man, depend upon it. Our education makes us the most eminently selfish men in the world. We fight for ourselves, we push for ourselves, we yawn for ourselves, we light our pipes, and say we won't go out. We prefer ourselves and our ease; and the greatest good that comes to a man from a woman's society is that he has to think of somebody besides himself, somebody to whom he is bound to be constantly attentive and respectful.

Killed by Kindness.

A physician informed the Providence *Journal* that, in a very severe case of sickness of a child that he was attending, he found that the remedies given did not have their usual effect, and he instituted a searching inquiry and ascertained that the anxious mother, who was nursing the child, was in the habit of giving her everything that callers suggested, and he remonstrated with her, and finally informed her husband that he could not consent to continue in charge of the case unless the mother would adhere strictly to his instructions. He was assured that the husband would endeavor to correct the fault of his wife, and continued in charge of the case, but the child died, and, when the neighbors called to condole with the afflicted mother, she assured them that it was a great comfort to her to know that she had done all that she could for the dear departed child. She gave it everything that was recommended or that she could think of, but nothing seemed to do any good, and she supposed her little daughter's time had come. "It was so to be."

The Revenue and Agricultural Department of the India Government have been trying to introduce improved agricultural implements among the natives. The Indian farmers received eighty-three different kinds. From official reports received from various districts it appears that out of the whole number distributed twelve only of the implements found favor in the eyes of the native agriculturist. Among the acceptable new tools is an American [illegible]

Speech in America.

What have been the forces working to create American speech? The Pilgrims brought the English tongue with them to New England in the seventeenth century. The Dutch brought their language to New York; the Swedes theirs to New Jersey. The other colonies were peopled by Englishmen, among whom were distributed a few Huguenots and Germans. The Spaniards had occupied Florida some time before. The French at an early day peopled Louisiana. These were the stems on which were grafted later changes and additions. The Dutch speech gradually blended with the English, conveying to the latter some of its corrupted words and phrases. The Swedish, never an important element, was absorbed, leaving a few traces. The Spanish disappeared from Florida, bequeathing not a great many localisms. Louisiana was a recent acquisition of the union. The French language is still spoken there, but many words and phrases have been transferred from it to the common tongue. There are two distinct tendencies in colonial speech—an inclination to retain forms after they have become obsolete in the mother country and a rapid coinage of terms suggested by new circumstances or borrowed from native tribes and given a civilized impress. The last cause was powerful in the American colonies. The construction of a New England dialect began with the modification of English provincialisms, the adoption of Indian words and such verbal forms as the new life on seashore and in forests and the ascetic religious practices of the people made necessary. The evolution of the new dialect was greatly aided by a vivid imagination and a quick sense of humor, the last quality scarcely to be expected in a people so gloomily devout. Long before the revolution it had taken definite colloquial form, though blacked modes of literary expression. Elsewhere in the colonies, with the exception of the district in about New York, there was no form of speech that had any characteristics of a patois. The language of Virginia and the Carolinas had become somewhat corrupted by the jargon of the negroes, but we have no means of knowing exactly the speech of the common people. If we can trust the dialogue in Thackeray's "Virginians," the chivalry of that State spoke the English language with a refinement of expression scarcely equaled by Addison.

After the revolution new causes and influences came into operation. Immigration from several European countries began and continued steadily. More Germans came to Pennsylvania and some scattered through the different States. Irish Presbyterians came in large numbers into western Pennsylvania, and in the course of time broad areas of country were settled by Scandinavians, Welsh, Germans, Irish Scotch, and Italians. The annexation of Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and California ingrafted on the language a fresh stock of words before unknown. The west added its novelty of phrase and the mining districts of California joined with Spanish in the creation of a new speech, that, united with much that was pathetic and picturesque, furnished suitable material to the apt story-tellers.

As the result of all these causes and influence we have the several dialects which American and English novelists have used according to their knowledge and ability. Properly speaking there are but two, that of New England and of the south. The first is heard in absolute purity only in the most retired towns of New England, the other only in the mountainous regions that runs from Virginia down through the Carolinas, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama. Texas and Arkansas may, perhaps, be added to this list, for their population is composed in a great measure of emigrants from them, and in parts of Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, the speech of the Cumberland Mountains and Blue Ridge is still heard with some of its original flavor. The mining patois so frequently used by Bret Harte is really the dialect of the south, from which the greater number of emigrants came when gold was discovered, with an admixture of Spanish and the pregnant terms that the rough occupation and wild life originated. The New England dialect has shown the greatest powers of survival. It is still heard with modifications in New York, Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota, along the lines where its civilization flowed westward. Its ancient features are found fairly embalmed in the "Widow Bedott Paper" and occasionally tales in the magazines. - *San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Hello! Hello!"

"Do the operators of the switch-tables ever lose their voices from calling 'hello' so often?" asked a reporter of Mr. Snyder, the superintendent of the Bell telephone system, yesterday.

"Why, bless you, no—not that I ever heard of," was the quiet reply; "I think it strengthens their voices and throats, just the same as the constant use of the audiphone makes the hearing more acute. Some time ago the doctors started a discussion and contended that the young ladies were becoming deaf. This we disproved beyond doubt. But, come with me to the operating-room, and we will have a test."

The superintendent led the way, and soon the reporter was ushered into the presence of forty young ladies, of various styles of beauty, seated at the switch-tables. The newsman blushed modestly—us reporters always do when overwhelmed by beauty—and nervously approached one of the tables where the ladies were at work. He did not hear a blustering 'hello, what do you want?" but instead there were soft, silvery-voiced calls, almost whispers, in fact, "hello," "hello," "hello," resounding from every part of the room. Instead of the high inflection the ladies used the lower, spoke distinctly and slowly. It was surprising, indeed, the low tone of their voices. A lady who controls nearly all the wires in the city and receives complaints (she is always busy) said: "I have never had the least trouble with my voice. It is about the same as when I came here, and I never knew of any of the ladies losing their voices, or any of them becoming affected."

A canvass of the room showed me that not one of the operators had been affected. "Now, the only trouble I see," said Mr. Snyder, "is that the ladies may become habituated to speaking in a low tone while at work, and this may have an effect upon their conversation outside. It would also make them talk slowly and distinctly, though—in fact, with a sort of drawl."

Supt. Snyder said that he had heard of a woman who, it was claimed, had lost her voice attending to the telephone. It was shown, however, that she had an affection of the throat, and should have been resting when she persisted in working. This same woman, it was claimed, would have been afflicted no matter what occupation she had chosen.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Whittier, the Quaker Poet, at Home

Mr. Whittier has never married, and with the single exception of the exquisite lines entitled "Benedicite," he has given the public no clew to the romance of his youth. His sister Elizabeth, sympathizing with him completely, of a rare poetic nature and fastidious taste, and of delicate dark-eyed beauty, was long a companion that must have made the want of any other less keenly felt than by lonely men in general. The bond between the sister and brother was more perfect than any of which we have known, except that between Charles and Mary Lamb, and in this instance the conditions were of perfect moral and mental health. To the preciousness of the relationship the pages of the poet bear constant witness, and Amesbury village is full of traditions of their affection, and of the gentle loveliness and brilliant wit of Elizabeth, whom the people admired and reverenced almost as much as they do the poet himself. For his old neighbors have the closest affection for Mr. Whittier; except very occasionally, what was his thought has been theirs; and, now that he is not with them daily, they miss him sadly; and among those who miss him most and make the most complaint about it are the children on the street. This is not remarkable when one remembers that Mr. Whittier does not stand on his dignity, but joins in the game played in his presence, writes his nonsense verses on demand, has the keenest sense of the ludicrous, and loves all sorts of innocent fun. We have heard him say that he was known among the children as the man with the parrot—the parrot being a remarkable bird that used to stop the doctor's gig with his "Whoa!" and when the school-bell rang would call from his lofty perch, "run in, boys, run in!"—the fact being that the children felt the parrot to be a bond between them, and he was less of a demigod and more of a man to their imagination on account of "Charlie." Mr. Whittier is, of course, very fond of children, and has been known to risk the loss of an important train with equanimity when the easy-going, good-natured hackman had been overtaken by an uproarious school of children, and had gone with them for a little drive, appearing at the door at length, the carriage overflowing with the rosy faces of the laughing little people, who cared nothing about time, tide, and the train.

At 76 years and over one can be said to have the beauty only of age, striking as that is in Mr. Whittier's case, with the dark eye and the full beard, where black lines still appear among the silver, while his form is as straight and his step is as firm and elastic as ever. But the poet's youthful beauty is reported to have been extraordinary; very tall, erect and well knit, with fine features, dark skin, and a flashing, deep set black eye, he could not have looked the Quaker to any extent; and, in fact, we think he is more of a Quaker in habit and affection than anything else. He has himself recognized that

"Over restless wings of song
His breathless garb hung loose;"

and even though he clings to the forms of the sect in many respects, using the plain language, generally, and tells somewhere why he prefers the silence of the meeting or worship rather than any solitude of wood or wild, where Nature speaks to him with a thousand voices and catches him with a thousand hands, yet he dresses so nearly like men of the world in cut and color that only practiced eyes could detect the slight difference in the shape of his coat; and his feelings about such matters are entirely liberal. When his little niece wanted the scarlet cape that other children wore, and there was objection in the house on account of the Quaker custom, Mr. Whittier insisted that she should be gratified, although, sooth to say, poet as he is, he himself can not tell red from green till sunlight falls upon it. Once, indeed, the library fire, of which he is so fond, having damaged the border of the wall-paper, he matched the pattern and triumphantly replaced it before detection, only to learn that he had substituted for the green vine one of bright autumnal crimson. Yet so strong is the poet's imagination that this defect of vision is nowhere evident in his work, although one might gather there that while, as he says, "his eye was beauty's powerless slave," yet light and shade please him more than variety and depth of hue. —*Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, in Harper's Magazine.*

Ill-Rewarded For His Courtesy.

A young man wearing a cameo pin in his neck scarf boarded a Bleecker street car last evening for a ride up-town. The car was so crowded that he could not force his way inside, and he took a place upon the platform. As the car proceeded on its way the platform became more and more crowded. A man with a bandage around his wrist was one of the last to get aboard.

"Hope you'll pardon me, sir," he said, turning to the young man with the cameo pin, "but as I have recently broken my arm, and do not want to get it injured in this crowd, would you allow me to rest it upon your shoulder in order to protect it from injury?"

"Certainly," replied the young man.

With a painful effort the unfortunate passenger lifted his arm and rested it upon his accommodating neighbor's shoulder. When the car had reached the street at which he desired to stop he politely thanked the young man with the cameo pin for his kindness, and alighted.

The accomodating young man softly whistled a refrain of a religious hymn, as the car proceeded on its way; but presently he lifted his hand to his neck to adjust his collar, and discovered that his cameo pin had been stolen. The polite and afflicted stranger had taken it away in his bandages.—*New York Tribune.*

His Girl's Pa.

"So you love my daughter—oh?"

"Yo-yes, sir."

"And have you money to support her in good style?"

"I have $30,000 in the bank and an income of $5,000 per year."

"Money in the bank! Ah! I see, you are no financier. You should have invested in bonds, and doubled your interest. For instance, I have securities paying 10 per cent."

The young man hurries off to get his cash and buy bonds of his future father-in-law. After he has departed Lucy enters the library and asks:

"Father, did William ask your consent?"

"He did, dear."

"And you said yes?"

"No, darling! He has no wealth to give you station."

"But he has $40,000."

"Oh, no. I just raked that in for bonds that won't be worth ten cents on the dollar six months hence. I love you too well to see you marry a poor man and have to live in sixth-story rooms.—*Philadelphia News.*

GLEANINGS.

Hygienic writers predict that the drink of the future will be hot water.

Lady Wilde, Oscar's mother, says she will never rest satisfied until "she has shot an American editor."

A female orang-outang in Philadelphia dearly loves a little dog and refuses to be separated from it.

Dr. Gibbons, of Lancaster, Pa., an old Quaker abolitionist, is dead. He never saw the inside of a theatre and never read a novel.

Charles Peters, of New York, "never felt well unless he was drunk," and when he had no money to buy whisky with he killed himself.

Philadelphia brewers have $60,000 worth of signs swinging in that city, and have raised the price of beer $1 a barrel to meet the expense.

A Baltimore lawsuit developes the fact that a young widow in that city three years ago married her father-in-law.

The South Carolina Legislature has passed a bill declaring unlawful all contracts for the sale of articles for future delivery.

Judge Ingalls purchased a lot in the village of Greenwich, N. Y., adjoining the house where he was born, not that he wanted the ground, but because the owner was about to cut down a noble old elm which stood upon it.

An expert (in a London will case) lately stated that pencil marks rubbed out revive when the texture of the paper returns to its normal condition. The existence of these marks proved most embarrassing in the case in question.

A Japanese official who has spent two years in Corea reports that he has never seen the face of a Corean woman. The men never use the name of a woman or girl in conversation, but speak of such a man's wife, daughter or sister.

Barbara Frietchie's clock is said to be in existence yet, with its hands fixed at 10 o'clock, the hour at which its pendulum was shot away by a soldier's bullet. Its final destination will be the Smithsonian Institute.

Philadelphia's new post-office, which is soon to be occupied, cost about $8,000,000. Its dimensions are 175 feet 9 inches on Chestnut street, 175 feet 1 inch on Market street, and 484 1 ct on Ninth street; height of the dome above the curb, 170 feet.

Coal is produced in forty counties of Illinois. The total amount mined during the last twelve months was 10,508,791 tons. The capital employed exceeds $10,000,000, and 24,000 men are given work. The value of the coal at the mines was $15,310,521.

A Paris letter says: "Marriages are arranged in France, with very few exceptions, on pure business principles. They don't sell young girls in France like calves and colts as they do in Germany, but they sometimes come pretty close to it."

The days of fabulous rates of interest in California seem to be past. The savings banks in San Francisco are lending money on mortages at 6 per cent and paying the mortgage tax, and yet they cannot find a market for more than a third of their money.

M. Bechamp terminated a recent lecture in Paris by saying that if the thousandth part of the sum expended for warlike purposes were devoted to rendering towns and cities healthy, legions of lives would be saved and riches and strength thus multiplied beyond calculation.

There is said to be a full million dollars of unclaimed deposits, in the savings banks of Massachusetts. There is no State law requiring the publication of such deposits, but these accounts can never become the legal property of the bank, however long they may remain unclaimed.

While the ship Dashing Wave was being repaired at Tacoma, W. T., a short time since, a six-pound cannon ball was found firmly imbedded in the wood. It was shot into the vessel as she was leaving Galveston harbor with a cargo of cotton during the war of the rebellion.

A Long Island man tried a novel experiment. He went into court in the dual role of plaintiff and defendant. He claimed that a certain estate, of which he was executor, owed him money, and so began suit against himself as executor. He would have won the case, but the Judge said such conduct was intolerable, took the estate from him and threw him out of court.

John L. McMillan, who is making a type-setting machine in Ilion, N. Y., with which he expects to set 5,000 ems an hour, says that $500,000 was spent on the Alden type-setting and distributing machine before it was given up as impracticable, and that $1,000,000 was wasted on the Page machine, whose patent right was subsequently sold for $10,000.

A crematory association has been formed in Washington, and congress is to be asked to give it a charter. A German physician has given a lot on which to erect a crematory similar to that in Washington, Pa. One of its members says that the expense of burning a body will not be more than $35, and that soon they may be able to reduce it to $20.

The Denver (Col.) *Tribune* asserts that during the past year millions of dollars have been invested in stock and ranches in that State, the money coming from widely separated places, and it expresses the hope that the rascals who schemed so unscrupulously to defraud the public through mining deals may not succeed in a like way in cattle matters.

John Calvert, of Logan County, Kentucky, set a steel trap to catch an owl that had been poaching upon his hennery. The next morning the trap was gone. A night or two later he was aroused by a noise on the housetop, and, taking his gun, he went out. A large bird was struggling on the housetop. It was the owl, with the missing trap on its legs.

Cave City, in Calaveras County, Cal., once had 1,000 inhabitants, but after the failure of the gravel mines the people moved away, and now the "city" consists of a hotel, a saloon, and a haystack. In a graveyard on the hill above the town are sixteen graves, and in fifteen of them are the remains of men who died with their boots on between 1850 and 1856. The cave from which the "city" takes its name penetrates the mountain side about 300 feet, and contains over a hundred human skeletons—probably of Indians.

Madam and baby have just returned from a promenade. Monsieur asks for details. "Oh, my dear, good news," said the wife. "Baby can talk. Baby said his first word a little while ago." "Indeed! Tell me all about it." "Well, we were at the Jardin des Plantes, in front of the huge cage of monkeys, when baby suddenly cried out very distinctly, 'Ah! Papa.'"

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AN UNCOMMON PROCEEDING.

"How cold it is growing," said Miss Wait, the teacher of the common school in the then brisk little manufacturing village of Shattuckville, Franklin Co., Mass., as she tied on her soft blue hood, buttoned her warm flannel cloak, looked at the window-fastenings of the not over-commodious or attractive but snug school-room, locked her desk, and carefully shut the damper of the air-tight wood stove, preparatory to quitting her domain of labor for the night.

As she picked up her rubber overshoes and stooped to draw them over her shapely kid boot, she cogitated, "Oh, dear! Tommy Howe's red toes sticking so pathetically through those old gaping shoes fairly haunt me. I wonder if, in all this prosperous, busy village, there is no way of getting that poor child decently clad. I must think it over and see what I can do about it."

Twenty-four hours later the leading man of the village, and the owner of the little factory there, who, years before, when a poor boy, had stranded down from Vermont to this little hamlet, eccentric and brusque, but kind-hearted, keen-eyed, and observant of all that was going on within his domain, was walking along the street and met a bright-eyed and sprightly lad of ten speeding ahead with that amusing, unconscious, consequential air that a boy carries with his first bran new pair of boots.

"Old Sam" Whittier, as this gentleman was familiarly called, not by reason of advanced age by any means, but because of his supremacy as the mill-owner and employer of all the help in the hamlet, took in the situation at a glance, and called out to the absorbed child:

"Hullo, youngster! where d'ye got them fellers?"

"Teacher gave them to me, sir," and the lad's tattered cap came quickly off, and he stood with it in his hand.

"Does she buy boots for all the boys in the school?" was growled out.

"Guess not; but she bought Joe Briggs a speller and Jane Cass an arithmetic, and she gives away stacks of slate-pencils and paper and ink, and such."

"What made her go and buy them boots for *you*?"

"She said she wanted to, sir; and when I said I had no money to pay her for them, she said she'd rather be paid in perfect lessons; and I will try to pay for them in that way, you may be sure, sir."

"Pretty good sort of a teacher, is she, bub?"

"Oh, yes, *indeed*. I guess she must be the best teacher that ever lived, sir—she tells us about so many things that we never knew before; and she wants us to be good and honest and not tell lies, and she says we shall be men and women by-and-by, and she wants us boys to know something so we can own factories our own selves some time. The other teachers we've had only heard our lessons and let us go; but she's so different!"

"Well, well, bub, I shall have to think this business over a little. Now run along, and go to scratchin' over them 'perfect lessons.' I don't suppose you'll find a person in Shattuckville a better judge of perfect lessons, or how much they are worth, both to the teacher and to the scholar, than 'Old Sam' Whittier. So, bub, look after your ways, and I shall look after *you*."

The next morning a little note written in a coarse business hand was dispatched to the teacher by the hand of one of the children. It ran as follows:

"MISS WAIT:—I have heard of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part as a teacher toward your scholars. I would like to inquire of you personally as to particulars. Will you do me the favor to run over to my house directly after the close of your school this afternoon.

SAMUEL WHITTIER."

"What can I have done?" thought the little teacher in such a perturbed state of mind that she corrected Johnny Snow's mistake in his multiplication by telling him seven times nine was fifty-four. Indeed, she let the mistake go so long that every little hand belonging to the second primary class was stretched up in a frenzy of excitement. "Let me see; what *is* it I have done the past week? I switched Bobbie Baker pretty smartly, to be sure—and I kept Sam Woodruff after school—and I kept Marion Fisk in from recess for whispering; but I *must* keep order. Well, dear me, I have tried to do my duty, and I won't worry;" and Miss Wait resolutely went back to "seven times nine," and so proceeded in the usual routine. But she ate no dinner that noon, and had a decided headache as she crossed the big bridge over the mill-stream and over the hill to the mill-owner's residence.

"I shall not back down in anything where my clear duty and self-respect are involved," thought she. "I have set up a certain ideal as to what a teacher of these little common schools ought to be, and I will, God and my mind, good courage and health not forsaking me, bring myself as near to it as possible. Moreover, I will not consider, in the premises, whether the scholars are children of the rich or learned, or of the poor or ignorant. For the time being God has placed in my care ragged, dirty little wretches of a factory village, as well as clean, well-dressed, attractive children."

"Good evening, good evening, ma'am," said "Old Sam" Whittier, in his gruff way, meeting the teacher at the door. "As I said in my note to you, I heard to-day of some rather uncommon proceedings on your part. I saw, ma'am, little Tommy Howe in a new pair of boots this morning. Do you know how he came by them?"

"I bought them for him, Mr. Whittier," wondering whether the local magnate suspected the poor child of stealing.

"Oh, you did. Are you in the habit of furnishing your scholars with such articles? Was the providing of boots a part of your business contract with the committee? If it was, I can put you in the way of buying boots at wholesale in Boston, where I get my supply for my store."

"It will not be necessary, sir," replied the teacher, with dignity. "I thank you for your kind offer, however."

"Why did you furnish boots in this particular case, if I may inquire?"

"The lad is very poor. His mother has her hand, heart, and brain full with the smaller children. Tommy is learning rapidly; I see marks of rare intelligence in him. It would be a pity to have him taken out of school at this time when he is so much engaged. Should he continue coming clad as he was in such weather as this he would be ill soon. I could not take the risk in either case."

"Are you *able* to let your heart get the better of you in this way?"

"I have my wages only," replied the young woman, still with dignity.

"Then you probably will have to retrench not a little in your own expenses."

"If I do it will harm no one's purse or pride but my own. In this instance it may be the matter of a pair of gloves or an ostrich-tip with me. With him the little act may make a difference that shall be lasting through time and eternity."

"You have been attending that school over at South Hadley, I hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you been through it, or graduated, as they call it?"

"Oh, no; I have attended but two terms. But I am fully determined to complete the course."

"Hum—all right. Miss Wait, you seem to be doing some good work among the children over the river there. I am going to think it all over; but look here—if any more of those little rascals need boots, let me know. I shall consider it a privilege to provide them. You know I can get them at wholesale—ha! ha!" and the now greatly relieved teacher's interview with the mill-owner ended.

"If she goes on teaching on and off, and then taking a term on and off at Mount Holyoke, she can't graduate for years to come," ruminated "Old Sam" Whittier, as he watched her tripping on over the hill; "it's ridiculous."

And so it came to pass, when Miss Wait was paid her meager salary at the close of that term, she found in the envelope containing the order on the town treasurer a cheque with a slip of paper pinned to it, reading thus:

"This may be an uncommon proceeding, but I thought it over and have come to the conclusion that you had better go right along in your studies at South Hadley until you graduate. After that, with your pluck and principle, you will be able to invest in boots or books, or in any other way you see fit.

Very truly yours,
SAMUEL WHITTIER."

I leave this true little sketch without comment. It carries its own lesson, both to struggling young teachers with *heart and brain*, and to prosperous men of affairs who may lend a helping hand to deserving ones. —*Mrs. Annie A. Preston in Journal of Education.*

The Aging of Girls.

American society moves onward with a great waste of energy, and in nothing is so spendthrift as with a woman's age. The charm of a girl's grace and beauty is one of the few good things of life, and civilization has a right to demand that she shall exercise that charm as long as possible. In the West and South, with a few exceptions, a girl's social life expires at the end of the two seasons. This is unfair; and it is worse than unfair—it is uneconomic. The result is that if a girl is not married under 20 she is not apt to be married at all. The American man does not seem to take to a girl unless she is young, and especially unless she is "new." There is a feeling latent in his mind that the longer she is in this wicked world the worse it will be for her and the worse for him. However, as American society rests upon a purely emotional basis, it is not unnatural, perhaps, that he should seek her out in the spring time of her life. In New York and in Philadelphia, though, strange to say, not in Boston, quite a different state of things exists. There the debutante, instead of being from her novelty the center of all attraction, has rather a hard time of it. She must win her way to favor. She must prove that she is interesting, for the presumption is that she is crude. She has this consolation, however, she may be a long while becoming a belle, but once popular she remains so. This is a significant fact, and well worth attending to. Look into the social columns of a western paper and you will find that a girl drops out after two or three years. Look through the columns of an eastern paper, say the New York *Home Journal* for instance, and it will be seen that for the last ten years certain unmarried women have been quoted as young girls and belles. The result of this is that the western girl conceals her age, is fearful lest she may be considered too old. The eastern girl, on the other hand, is quite proud of having had her two or three seasons, and is apt to be offended if you think her too young.

I once traveled through California in company with some New Yorkers, and saw a good deal of the young lady of the party. When the time came for us to say good-bye, she asked me in the purest spirit of hospitality to look her up when I came to New York.

"I think we can make it pleasant for you," she said quietly. "In another year, you know, I shall be an old girl."

"Nonsense," said I, with a rudeness intended for gallantry.

"Yes I will, too," she replied, not a little put out. "I shall go everywhere then."

Ombres de mes ancetres! Here was a girl who was actually looking forward to being old.

But how about those girls who you say appear in the *Home Journal* for ten years? some skeptic may object. By all rights they ought to be by this time fearfully old and ugly. Stop a moment, my friend. Are you not a little hasty? Have you seen those regal and ethereal creatures whom you so rashly pronounce old and ugly simply because they have arrived at the prime of womanhood? You would not apply this rule to the actress on the stage, would you? Then why do you apply it to the lady in the ball room?—*S. F. Argonaut.*

Indian Remedy for Cowboys.

Last summer General Sherman made his last annual inspection of the military posts of the army, and a good story is told by one of his staff officers of his visit to one of the western frontier forts. When the general arrived there was a large crowd of Indians on hand to look at the "Big Chief of the Whites," as they called him. After they had looked him over to their hearts' content, one of them approached and said: "Ugh, big Indian heap want a present of cannon." General Sherman glanced at the brave and replied: "I cannot give you a cannon. What do you want them for? You mean to use them against my soldiers." Now, an Indian is not often guilty of anything approaching wit, but this one did very well, for he said, as he shook his head: "No want cannon to kill soldiers. Can kill soldiers with sticks. Want cannon to kill cowboy." The reply was a good one, but Mr. Indian didn't get his cannon all the same.

How they found out. On a train two gentlemen were discussing the nativity of a third who sat near them. "I'll bet he's a Southern man." "No, he looks more like a Westerner." "We can tell by asking him a question, can't we?" "All right, for the cigars, now he's a Westerner, and I'll ask him the question." So he went across the car and politely said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but what time is it?" "Well, sah," he replied, looking at his watch, "it is fo' minutes befo' fo'." That settles it.—*Cincinnati Traveler.*

ABORIGINAL RELICS.

Some Specimens of the Pottery of an Extinct Race Found in New Mexico

A reporter of *The Enquirer* made the acquaintance of Mr. S. W. Hutchcraft, of Socorro county, New Mexico. About a year ago he went from his home in Paris, Ky., to New Mexico to engage in cattle-raising. He did not go, he said, as a fortune-hunter, expecting to dig from the ground a nugget of gold that would make him wealthy at once. He took no interest in mining whatever, though there were plenty of mines surrounding his location. His ranch was situated in the Tulerosa valley at the head-waters of the Gila river. When he went there, a year ago, he found very few cattle. There were ten thousand head more there now than a year ago.

To the people residing in the east but little is known of that far western country, especially New Mexico. Mr. Hutchcraft said that they had rain but two months in the year—in July and August. This rain produced the grass upon which the cattle fed. There were two kinds of grass, both of which were nutritious. One was called the "white grammar," the other the "mountain bunch." The last named retained its freshness the year round, much as the evergreen tree. Because of the little rain there could be no crops raised except the land is irrigated. When this was done potatoes, onions, turnips, and such vegetables grow in abundance. "The finest I ever saw; I'll except none," said Mr. Hutchcraft.

"The mountains are covered with timber—pine, cedar, etc.," he continued. The grass grows principally on those mountains, and there the cattle graze. But the mountains are not what the residents there really consider mountains. They would be called such here, but we look upon it as rolling land. The climate is mild. We never have more than two inches of ice at any time. Ice begins to form in the nights of September, and will continue to do so into May. Yet all this time we can go without coats during the day. The nights are cool the year round, the days never either very warm or very cold.

"The nearest town to us from which we can get supplies is Socorro, 150 miles distant. There is a Mexican settlement about twelve miles from us, but we can not get supplies from it, such as we want. Our meat is almost entirely wild. Deer and bear abound in the mountains, also birds of all sorts. A man can go out there and in a few hours kill enough game to furnish him meat for a week or more. For example, not long ago some young friends were visiting us, and I told a colored man who works for me to go out and see if he could not kill a deer. He started about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and returned for supper, having killed four deer of the black-tailed species."

Mr. Hutchcraft had with him several specimens of deer antlers that were very handsome. Among them was a pair firmly locked together. These he took from the carcasses of two deer he found dead in the mountains. They had evidently engaged in a fight, and their horns becoming locked they had starved to death, unable to free themselves. They were locked firmly, and could not be pulled apart without breaking.

He had with him all sorts of relics for his people in Paris, Ky. The most noticeable among them were some specimens of pottery made by a former race of people that inhabited that country. Discoveries, it is well known, have been made that lead to the conclusion that that country was at some remote period inhabited by a race of people to some degree versed in the arts and sciences. Among the materials discovered was pottery of artistic design, workmanship, and ornamentation. The specimens Mr. Hutchcraft had were two vessels that might have been used for fluids. They were made of white clay, and painted with black stripes in various designs. Also two cups without handles, about three or four inches in diameter across the top. They were made of a brown clay. One of them was painted black inside, and all glazed over the paint much after the style of the underglaze work of the present day. They were all polished fairly on the outside, and the one painted on the inside was highly polished. He also had a cup with a handle about four inches long. It was also fancifully decorated with black stripes woven together in a neat design, and on the handle was a molded serpent. All those specimens he said, were taken from the ground ten feet below the surface. In contrast with these he had a specimen of the pottery made by the Pueblo Indians. It was much of the same design in shape, but the ornamentation was crude and inartistic. The clay, too, was of a yellow color, and was not glazed like the other. In fact, he said, clay such as the ancient specimens of pottery were made of could not be found in that country now. The houses built by these aborigines, he said, were models of masonry. They were true in their lines, splendidly built in every particular. They were much better than many houses built by the Mexicans at this day. The latter, he said, could not put up a post for a porch and have it plumb. They seemed to have no eye for the perpendicular, or in fact a straight line of any sort.

While digging for specimens Mr. Hutchcraft unearthed a skeleton. When it was found it was in a sitting position, with the head thrown back. Around the neck and on the breast-bone were coils of beads, which, of course, being touched scattered from their regularly laid position. There were hundreds of the beads. Whatever they had been strung on was of course decayed. He gathered a handful of them and strung them on a thread. The beads were made of some hard gray substance, and were about the size of No. 4 birdshot, but instead of being in spherical form appeared like slices from a cylindrical piece of clay. —*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Guiteau's bones are in a private room in the Army and Navy Museum in Washington. They have been carefully articulated, and so finely polished are they that they look like ivory. Great vigilance has been necessary to prevent them from being stolen. Until a glass case has been provided for them, they will not be exposed to public view.

Dr. Billings, in a lecture at Baltimore, said: "The tendency of city life is for the majority to degenerate and for the family to be destroyed in a majority of cases, but fresh and healthy lives pour in from the country, and so concentration of population increases."

WIT AND HUMOR.

It is one of the inconsistencies of life that we throw bouquets at the soprano and bootjacks at the tomcat.

Freckles have become very fashionable. The Princess Louise and all the other nice girls have them.

What relation does the door-step bear to the door-mat? It's a step-father.

"My dear," said a wife to her rich but illiterate husband; "I want $500." "What fur?" he inquired. "Sealskin fur," she said, and she got it.

There is very little satisfaction in having a man fined five dollars for an assault if you have to pay your own lawyer ten dollars.

The Washington milkmen are not allowed to ring bells, as they disturb the slumbers of the policemen. They might be allowed to use dumb-bells.

The editor of the Yonkers *Record*, in announcing the suspension of his paper, said: "Warm as the weather is, it is a cold day for the *Record*.

We observe that the son of an Indian chief is learning to be a plumber. This will enable him to scalp people without the aid of a knife.

"Man wants but little here below," wrote Oliver Goldsmith, but Oliver didn't stop to consider that the man who is going to build a house wants a lot.

Mary Churchill has got her "mad up" and now practices eighteen hours a day on the piano. It is reported that her father and mother are missing. How things do change about.

"Those picture cards I brought back from Boston," remarked Mrs. Partington in a pensive mood. "They are momentums of the Art Loan Imposition."

"Waiter, bring me eleven raw oysters." "We don't give eleven, sir; we give six or twelve." "No, twelve would never do; we should be thirteen at table!"

The surviving friends of the hero of Longfellow's "Excelsior" did not get any damages from the company, as at the time of his death he was traveling on a pass.

The Connecticut boy who has a third arm growing out of the back will be able to scratch himself between the shoulder blades without resorting to the corner of a building.

Professor of Chemistry: "The substance you see in this vial is the most deadly poison of all poisons. A single drop placed on the tongue of a cat is enough to kill the strongest man."

During the thick fog the other evening Gom Gom took a poor blind man by the hand and led him to his door. Telling the story to a friend on the following day, he cried: "It is terrible to be blind in such a fog."

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* has evidently been there. It says "Woman among savages is a beast of burden; in Asia she is a piece of furniture; in Europe she is a spoiled child; in America she is a boss."—*Toledo Blade.*

Philadelphia on New York: "What has become of 'Bowery Mike,' who kept a saloon which was a resort for notorious characters some years ago?" "He is in the Legislature." "And his partner, where is he?" "He got found out, and is in the Penitentiary."

If at any time you desire the wind to change suddenly, take a pan of ashes, go into the back yard, and, facing the direction that you desire the wind to blow from, quickly empty your pan. All who have ever tried this rule have never found it to fail.

A Lafayette lady—a model wife and mother broke her husband of the saloon habit by walking up to the bar beside him and calling for beer. A Cincinnati woman tried that, but her husband only replied: "Now you're acting sensible; here, John, two schooners."

A young lady in Cincinnati is engaged to be married on a certain day provided she is found to weigh 125 pounds at that time, but if she weighs less or more than 125 pounds the engagement is to be broken. Probably such a ridiculous weigh of making an engagement was never heard before.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now, if your father were to put sand in his sugar and sell it, he would be acting a lie and doing very wrong." "That's what mother told him," said Johnny impetuously, "and he said he didn't care."

"By Jove! there goes my birdie," exclaimed a swell, dodging around the corner and dragging his companion after him. "Where is she?" excitedly asked the latter. "It isn't a she. It's my tailor." "Your tailor! Why do you call him your birdie?" "Because he is always presenting his bill."

"See here," said an editorial writer, calling the editor-in-chief, "that fellow on the Wolfville *Scalp* has produced an an argument that I cannot answer. What shall I do with him?" "Let me see," mused the editor, looking over the argument. "I reckin you had better call him a liar and drop the controversy."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The man who was about to marry for the sixth time, and who replied, "We've usually sot," when asked by the minister to stand up, has been heard from again. He recently led No. 7 to the altar, and, when asked for the ring, replied, "Parson, I've hooked onto six of 'em without a ring, and we kin git along this time. I'll try and remember it in future, though."

Let no one say after this that an Indian cannot laugh as well as a white man. There is a young Indian here who makes a fat living by laughing as a profession. He will laugh five minutes for five cents, and it is well worth it. Such a ringing, continuous laugh would drive the blues out of the Tories of Lennox.—*Toronto Globe.*

"How is it you never married, Charley?" "O, I don't know, except that I remained single from choice." "Why, I heard that you tried to get that Podgkins girl a year or two ago?" "Yes; I did ask her to marry me." "And she wouldn't have you?" "That's about the size of it. So I remained single from choice—her choice, you know."

"Yes," the tall, thin passenger admitted, "a crying baby is indeed a sore trial. But then you must remember that the baby cannot swear, and when a human being is being dandled up and down on the loose end of a two-inch safety-pin, it's got to do something, and if it can't swear it must holler." And the jury was only out about two minutes, and then came in with a verdict for the defendant.

A gentleman apparently attempting the feat of escorting a lamp post was arrested by an officer and taken to the station house. Upon recovering his sobriety he explained to the Sergeant that he thought he was leaning against his wife, and that she was leading him home. "Do you mean to say that you couldn't tell the difference between your wife and a lamp post?" "Yes," said the prisoner, meekly, "my wife is a Boston woman."

"Don't you think she is pretty?" said the fond mother to the father, as she stroked the baby's silken hair. The father was in a sulking mood; something had disagreed with him, and he replied somewhat curtly, "Oh, all babies are about alike. They look like little monkeys." Just then a neighbor entered, and, taking the baby on her lap, said, "Mercy on us, how like it's father that child is."

"Her" Mother-in-law.

It is always *his* mother-in-law upon whom sarcasm spends its random ineffectual shots. Her mother-in-law escapes. With manly egotism editors and writers who are, invariably and heedlessly masculine, remorselessly put the stale slanders in cold type and assume that their mothers are perfect mothers-in-law. "Are *we* not their sons?" "Could so perfect a specimen of manhood spring from any but a perfect source?" Assuredly not. But wives are proverbially known to be imperfect; hence their mothers are more so. Who ever knew a wife that could cook like "*my* mother," or make a shirt that set like "mother's," or darn socks so they wouldn't hurt the tender foot? "Mother used to do it; I don't see why you can't." The wife being so faulty, what *can* her mother be?

It is never disagreeable to him to hear *his* mother say that "Mary Jane dresses too much," "that Mary Jane entertains too much;" "that she is extravagant in her house-keeping, careless in the management of the children;" "too demonstrative," or the reverse." Oh! no, it is *his* mother, and she must know. But let *her* mother but hint in the kindest manner that "George stays out too late," or that the "club is too expensive for a young man just starting in life with his own way to make;" "that his cigar bill would suffice to bring many a little luxury into his home," and then will flow vows (made to his wife with profane prefixes unfit for "ears polite") that he won't stand that old woman's tyranny any longer," "that he has put up with it long enough (although it may be the first hint that she does not think him perfect)," "that if she keeps on in that strain she will drive him straight to the devil," etc.

But these are nothing beside the trials of a young wife taken to live with *her* mother-in-law. Who ever saw a mother with a darling son that could find a girl good enough or pretty enough for the splendid creature who one day is going to make "Rome howl" with his phenomenal cleverness and wonderful abilities? Be she ever so pretty or ever so sweet—she is not too sweet nor too pretty to incur *his* mother's aversion. The first battle ground [it looks like tattle ground as written—ED.] is the house keeping of this double household—and although all the drudgery of the housekeeper may be relegated to the young wife—be sure the reins of government are still in the hands of *his* mother. This gives her an opportunity to criticise and admonish that is not to be gained by any other arrangement. Who has not seen in their own circle of acquaintance some sweet young girl, married and taken to live with her mother-in-law? Did no one notice how, little by little, the happy light faded from her eyes, the youthful elasticity from her step, until people began to say: "How Mary Jane is failing!" "She used to be so pretty!" "Those delicate bright looking girls fade so soon!" *Her* mother has seen it if no one else has, and perhaps this is the beginning of the trouble between *him* and *his* mother-in-law, of which he writes so fervently.

The Care of the Hair.

The hair is the covering of the roof of "the home of thought and palace of the soul." Where baldness, which sometimes occurs in quite young persons, is hereditary, it is doubtful if anything can be done to prevent or remedy it. Avoid "restoratives" and other nostrums, and, as a rule, do not use pomatums or oils upon the head.

A certain hair "balm" was very popular many years ago and did wonders, if the directions were followed. The "balm" was to be used night and morning, first rubbing the scalp with a stiff brush for five minutes before applying the stuff. The thorough use of a moderately stiff brush will greatly promote the health of the scalp and prevent the falling of the hair without a "balm" or other preparation. The hair should be occasionally washed, and if there is much dandruff, the yolk of an egg will be most efficient in removing it. Work the egg with the fingers well into the hair, a little at a time, to bring it in contact with the scalp; then wash it out thoroughly with water, and the hair will be beautifully clean and soft. Avoid all shampooing liquids; those used by barbers are strong potash solutions. They call it "Salts of Wormwood" and "Salts of Tartar," and use it without knowing its real nature. It is very effective in cleaning, but ruinous to the hair. If the falling of the hair is not prevented by thorough brushing, some stimulating application may be made. Cantharides is most commonly used. Half an ounce of the tincture of cantharides added to a quart of bay rum will answer better than most "hair tonics."

Thought He Was in Chicago.

Backus, the minstrel, had an enormous mouth. One summer he and his fellow minstrel, Birch, parted, Birch to go fishing and Backus to go to Chicago. When Birch one day had fished for a short time, there came a tremendous yank at his hook. Using all his might he pulled to the surface a fish of surprising proportions, and with the largest mouth he had ever seen in any member of the finny tribe. "Great gollowhoppus, Backus," cried the burnt cork angler in amazement, dropping his tackle and springing to his feet, "I thought you were in Chicago!"

HUMOR IN THE STOMACH.

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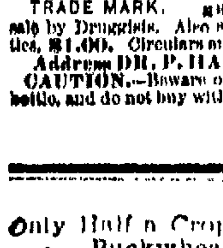
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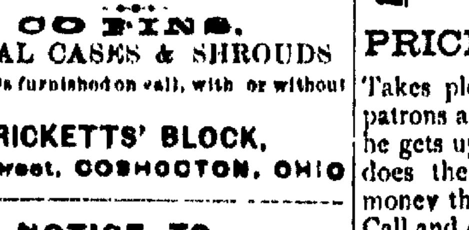
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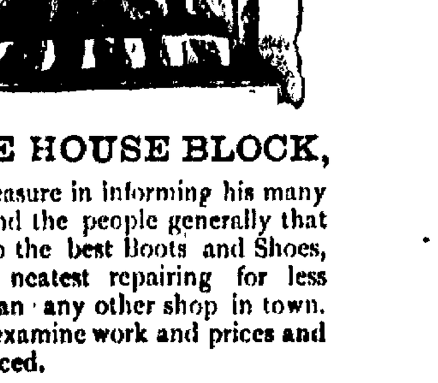
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Coshocton, Ohio.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Has "decided" claims upon the public. This is positively proven by the immense good it has done to those who have been cured of diseases from which they have suffered intensely for years, as verified by the published testimonials, every one of which is a positive fact.

CHELSEA, VT., Feb. 24, 1879.

MESSRS. C. I. HOOD & Co., Lowell, Mass.: The 6th day of last June I was taken sick with a swelling on my right foot, and with an awful pain. The swelling went all over me. My face was swelled so that I could with difficulty see out of my eyes, and I broke out over the whole surface of my body; my right foot up to my knee was one raw, itching mass, and my ankle and foot so lame and sore I could not step on it, and it would run so as to wet a bandage through in an hour. In this condition Mr. W. F. Hood (of the firm of A. H. Hood & Son, druggists, of this town), handed me a bottle of HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA, and told me to take it. I did so, and by the time I had taken one bottle I found that it was doing me good. I have since taken five bottles more. After I had taken three bottles my soreness began to leave me, and I have been growing better every day, so that to-day I can walk without going lame. I have no soreness in my ankle and it has healed all up, and does not run at all. I owe my recovery to your Sarsaparilla. I write this to let you know that I think it deserves the confidence of the public, especially those who are troubled with humors.

Yours most truly,
JOSIAH PITKIN.

P. S. Every person that saw me said that I never would get over my lameness without having a running sore on my ankle; but thank God I have. J. P.

No other Sarsaparilla has such a sharpening effect upon the appetite. No other preparation tones and strengthens the digestive organs like HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Price one dollar, or six bottles for five dollars. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

TOBACCO CHEWERS
A REWARD
Of $555 CASH, 1,000 Imported Novelty Pocket Knives and 5,000 pounds of the Great
ZOO-ZOO
CHEWING TOBACCO
TO BE GIVEN AWAY!

EVERY CONSUMER saving over 30 tags will be REWARDED. $100 to 1st, $90 to 2d, $80 to 3d, $70 to 4th, $60 to 5th, $50 to 6th, $40 to 7th, $30 to 8th, $20 to 9th, $10 to 10th, $5 to 11th. 1,000 Imported Pocket Knives worth $1 each, and 5,000 pounds ZOO-ZOO Plug Tobacco, to be given in rotation, the largest number of tags returned will receive the first reward, $100 Cash, second highest, $90, and so on down to a lock plug of ZOO-ZOO tobacco. These Christmas and New Year rewards will be distributed between December 25th and January 1st. Chew this delightful tobacco, the best ever made. Save the tags and send them by mail, between December 15th and 25th, to the WILSON & McCALLAY TOBACCO CO. MIDDLETOWN, OHIO.

Cut address out and paste on Envelope. This is THE FINEST POUND PLUG EVER MADE. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZOO-ZOO. Insist on having it and you will use no other.

TID BITS
"A delicate bit, a rarity, a choice thing"—Encyclopedia
SOLD BY STOREKEEPERS!
H. A. BARTLETT & CO., Makers, 113, 115 and 117 N. Front St., Phila, Pa.

(Continued from last week.)

How Watch Cases are Made.

Imitation always follows a successful article, and imitation is one of the best proofs of real honest merit; and thus it is that the *James Boss' Gold Watch Case* has its imitators. Buyers can always tell the genuine by the trade-mark of a *crown*, from which is *suspended* a pair of TRADE MARK *scales*. Be sure BOTH *crown* and *scales* are stamped in the cap of the watch case. Jewelers are very cautious about endorsing an article unless they not only *know* that it is good, but that the character of the manufacturers is such that the quality of the goods will be *kept fully up to standard*.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., Feb 13, 1883

The James Boss' Gold Watch Cases go like hot cakes. Each one I sell sells another. Don't need to recommend them; they sell themselves. One of my customers has had a James Boss' Gold Watch Case in use for 20 years, and it is as good as ever. With this case I do not hesitate to give my own guarantee, especially with the new and improved cases, which seem to be everlasting. JESSE T. LITTLE, *Jeweler*.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N J., Jan. 8, 1883.

This gold case, No. 6666, known as the James Boss' Gold Watch Case, came into my possession about 1858, has been in use since that time, and is still in good condition. The movement is the one which was in the case when I bought it, and its condition shows that the case has really out-worn the movement, which is played out. MARTIN A. HOWELL, *Of Board of Directors N. J. R. R. & Trans. Co.*

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made.

(*To be Continued.*)



BASKET PLUG
TOBACCO
Is the best combination of the
CHOICEST LEAF,
PUREST SWEETENING,
DELICIOUS FLAVORING.
It is unequalled, and is the
GREAT
AMERICAN CHEW
A TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU
That the Old Favorite
WIGWAM
And the New Favorite
WIDE AWAKE
Are the best SMOKING TOBACCOS of the day.
SPENCE BROS. & CO., Cincinnati.

R. E. FINLEY, ... F. A. WERNET.
FINLEY & WERNETT,
DENTISTS.
Coshocton, O.—OFFICE: Corner Main and Fifth Streets, near Depot. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention --Dec.15'79

FARM FOR SALE.
193 Acres in Washington Township, Coshocton County.
145 cleared, 135 in grass, 50 acres of bottom, timber principally Oak, Chestnut and Poplar. Farm is in good condition, well watered, good spring at the kitchen door. The buildings consist of a frame house of eight rooms, a log barn 20X60, log stable, a grain house 24X28, corn crib and wagon shed, and other out buildings; 2 young orchards of apples, peaches and grapes. Two miles from New Moscow, 3 from Wakatomika. Convenient to church and school. For further information address JOHN P. HAMILTON, Wakatomika, O.
Nov24-3m.

A Skeleton Bouquet.

"Don't you know how to make a skeleton bouquet?" said a young lady to a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter.

The young man was forced to confess his ignorance, and the young lady continued:

"Well, I'll tell you. A beautiful phantom bouquet can be made from skeletonized leaves and seed vessels. If properly prepared the exquisite delicacy of these plant structures and their brilliant whiteness combine to form a work of beauty that the sculptor would envy but could never hope to rival. The art is an old one revived. It was known to Marcus Aurelius Severinus in 1645, who, however, kept the process a secret, and the first published account of the method of preparing plant-skeletons was by the Dutch naturalist, Frederick Ruysch. In 1861 Parrisch, of Philadelphia, wrote a little work on the subject. The art then became very fashionable in the east, and at present a number of young ladies in the western part of the city have beautiful parlor ornaments, the work of their own hands.

"In selecting material care should be taken to gather leaves that are fully formed and free from blemish. The puncture of an insect will render the leaf unfit for use. The leaves of herbs must not be gathered, as they are soft and flabby, and lack the ligneous veins that constitute the skeleton leaf. The leaves of all the hardy deciduous trees and shrubs make good materials. Evergreens, vines and creepers may also be used, and the seed-vessels and calyces of various plants are suitable for the work. Having selected the leaves the next step is to procure a suitable vessel for their maceration. Any utensil of wood or earthenware that will hold water will do. The specimens are to be covered with boiling water and to be held in place by suitable pieces of glass. The vessel is then set away in some warm situation for four or five weeks, when, by action of decomposing, fermentation prompted by warmth and moisture, the pulpy matter of the leaf will be loosened so that it can be separated from the fibrous skeleton and be preserved unimpaired. Some of the leaves, like ivy and holly, after maceration will part with their tough skin in layers so as to expose the skeleton covered with a thin membrane, which may be readily washed off. Maples, lindens and others require different treatment. Their epidermis is so thin and slight that it is necessary to place the decayed leaf on a plate or pane of glass and with a soft tooth brush clean off the surface. If necessary a leaf may be returned to the macerating vessel to complete the softening process. Leaves of very delicate texture may be cleaned by washing them under water between the fingers. Some skeletons, like the lemon and japonica, when obtained in a perfect condition show a double structure, as though two perfect leaves had grown together at the edges.

"In mounting specimens the preference seems to be for a loose, airy-looking arrangement of the leaves. The English cases are, as a rule, too solid looking; they seem, as it were, to partake of the national character. A grouping of seed vessels at the base of the bouquet seems to conceal the loose stems. In these matters no rule can be laid down. Good taste and judgment are the only standards, and in such matters all must admit that ladies are unequalled."

Ants. Their Homes and Habits.

Master Charles R. Bolton, 15 years old, contributes an interesting article on the above-named topic to the *Congregationalist*, from which we take the following:

Some warm day when you do not know what to do, find an ant-hill under a shady tree and watch the little fellows at their work. This is what I have being doing. The ring of earth around the hole, like the wall of a fort, is familiar, but the most interesting part of their homes is under the ground. See them drag the pebbles out of the hole in the center. If you could follow it down you would find the way irregular, and at the end a number of galleries each supported by little pillars of earth. The young ants are kept on these shelves, and, in fact, it is their city.

Here the chief men meet to talk over the matters of the colony. But how can they talk? Put an ant under the microscope and you will see two little projections on the head, called mandibles. The ant touches its mandibles to those of its neighbor and thus they speak. Ants are very strong, persevering and industrious, some working all night, and I have seen an ant carry a stone three or four times its size. They are fond of sweet things. Once I laid a piece of sugar near a hole. An ant soon found it, and though the piece was many times as large as itself, it lifted the sugar above its head and started for the hill—all went well until the hill was reached. It would get hold of the sugar and attempt to drag it up, but when the first pebble was struck it would roll over and over. At last, by leveling a place so as to get a start, by the occasional help of a passing ant, the sugar was pulled over the hill.

I noticed a spider, one day, stop to rest near an ant-hill. The ants soon saw him and four or five came out. They took hold of his legs and swarmed on his back. He was dragged into the hole and the rest flocked out to help eat him up. The ants carry their young out evry pleasant day to lie in the sun, and at the first sight of rain they hurry them into their house. These little creatures have good memories and never forget their friends. If an ant be taken out of an ant-hill, kept for two months and then put back into the same hill it will be received; but if it will be placed in another, it will be killed.

In Texas there is found the "agricultural" ant. These clear a place for woods and grass for about two feet around their house. They then drop the seed of a kind of grass they like very much. The ants take care of the young blades, protecting them from insects, and when the grain is ripe carry it into their homes. But what is more peculiar, if the store of food should become damp during a rain, it will all be carried out on the first sunny day and dried and then brought back.

The London General Omnibus Company, which has given a fair trial to the experiment of using Belgian horses, has given it up. It has been ascertained that the serviceable life of a Belgian horse (costing $200) does not average more than six years; while a British horse (costing on an average no more) will last double the time. When the Belgian horse is used up, the company can only get $40 or $50 for him. The British horse, under similar conditions, will realize $75.

Vanderbilt's tomb occupies nine acres of land; Gould's one.

LIVES OF PAIN

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA have long enough run riot in the human system.

They have tormented the human family and defied the medical faculty from time out of memory they have corrupted the blood, demoralized the joints, vexed the nerves, agonized the muscles and racked the brain with wearying pain.

"ATHLOPHOROS" is the enemy of Rheumatism and Neuralgia, repairs their damages, renews the blood, eases the joints, calms the nerves, soothes the muscles, gives rest and peace to the troubled brain, and ensures delightful sleep.

"ATHLOPHOROS" is a new remedy, but it has been abundantly tried. From far and near come testimonials from well-known persons who had long been sufferers. It has turned their diseases out. It has cured them. That is all,—and that is enough.

"ATHLOPHOROS" can do for you what it has done for those sufferers. It can drive out your Rheumatism and Neuralgia, and will do so if you give it a fair trial.

"ATHLOPHOROS" has by this time had such a good trial all over the country that its true work is known, and its true character proved.

"ATHLOPHOROS" means "Prize-Bearer;" "Victor;" "Conqueror." It carries off the prize as VICTOR over the attacks of these terrible maladies, and CONQUEROR of the frightful agonies their victims have endured. Not a mere temporary relief, but a permanent, enduring, and triumphant cure.

If you cannot get ATHLOPHOROS of your druggist, we will send it express paid, on receipt of regular price—one dollar per bottle. We prefer that you buy it from your druggist, but if he hasn't it, do not be persuaded to try something else, but order at once from us as directed.

ATHLOPHOROS CO., 112 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

GAIN
Health and Happiness.
How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered? "Kidney Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak? "Kidney Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease? "Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood." Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes? "Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief." Dr. Phillip C. Ballou, Monkton, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint? "Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Diseases after I prayed to die." Henry Ward, late Col. 69th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching? "Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was so lame I had to roll out of bed." C. M. Tallmage, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease? "Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated? "Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 16 years use of other medicines." Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria? "Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice." Dr. R. K. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious? "Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken." Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

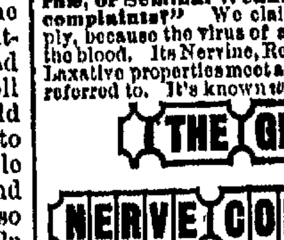
Are you tormented with Piles? "Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. C. Kline recommended it to me." Geo. H. Horst, Cashier M. Bank, Myerstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked? "Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years." Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering? "Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it." Mrs. H. Lamoreaux, Isle La Motte, Vt.

If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take
KIDNEY-WORT
THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

SAMARITAN
NEVER FAILS.
NERVINE



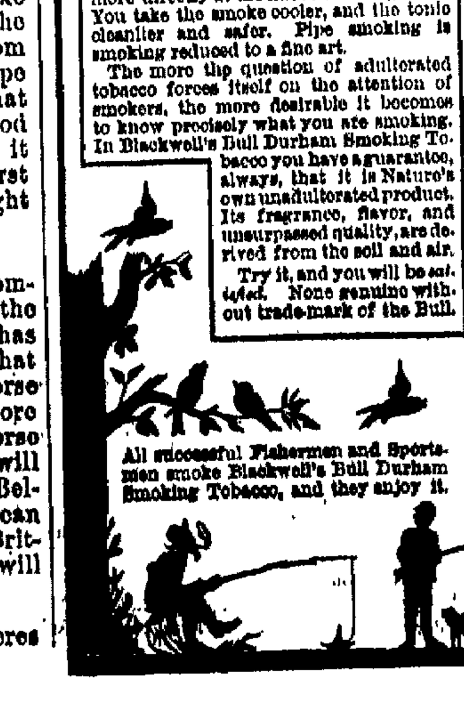
"You claim too much for SAMARITAN NERVINE," says a skeptic. "How can one medicine be a specific for Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Alcoholism, Opium Eating, Rheumatism, Spermatorrhea, or Seminal Weakness, and fifty other complaints?" We claim it a *specific*, simply, because the virus of all diseases arises from the blood. Its Nervine, Resolvent, Alterative and Laxative properties meet all the conditions herein referred to. It's known *world wide* as

THE GREAT
NERVE CONQUEROR

It quiets and composes the patient—not by the introduction of opiates and drastic cathartics, but by the restoration of activity to the stomach and nervous system, whereby the brain is relieved of morbid fancies, which are created by the causes above referred to.

To Clergymen, Lawyers, Literary men, Merchants, Bankers, Ladies and all those whose sedentary employment causes nervous prostration, irregularities of the blood, stomach, bowels or kidneys or who require a nerve tonic, appetizer or stimulant, SAMARITAN NERVINE is invaluable. Thousands proclaim it the most wonderful invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system. $1.50. Sold by all Druggists. (14)

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Propr's., St. Joseph, Mo.



ANNUAL REPORT

— OF —

The Financial Transactions

OF THE

Commissioners of Coshocton County, Ohio,

— FOR —

The Year Ending September 3, 1883.

To the Hon. Wellington Stilwell, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton County, Ohio:

The Board of Commissioners of Coshocton County, Ohio, in conformity to the Act of the Legislature of Ohio, passed April 8th, 1876, herewith submit the annual report of their financial transactions for the year ending September 3d, 1883:

REGULAR SESSION, SEPTEMBER 5TH, 1882.

Board met. Present, J. C. McBane, William Berry and Casimer Lorenz.

The following payments were authorized to be made to persons named for damage done to their sheep by dogs:

Albert Seward	$116 00
John Patterson	55 00
S L Robinson	28 00
John Greer	7 00
Fred Markley	10 00
Sol Infield	35 00
D Valentine	4 00

Allowed Leroy Merrill and others for 121 hawks and owls killed, $60 50.

The following accounts and bills were examined and allowed:

A J Miller, boarding, washing and ironing for prisoners	$208 15
John Douglass, part pay for arch culvert near Porteaus	300 00
John Douglass, protecting Roderick bridge	90 50
G J Shrigley, estimate on Infirmary Insane building	765 00
Borneman & Mayer, part pay for superstructure Warsaw bridge	3,000 00
Benj Huff, lumber for Orange bridge	5 30
Talmadge & Davis, hardware for court house	16 67
H P Dinsmore, masonry and superstructure Dinsmore bridge	90 00
John Elson, transporting militia to Rowville	12 50
Philip Guinther, janitor, August,	50 00
H Lepley, part pay for masonry Run Bridge	25 00
Geo Guinther, hauling saw dust and ashes	2 50
James Scott, lumber for Scott Bridge	44 12
I D Bucklow, repairing masonry Bush bridge	20 00
Fred Mayer, superstructure, Elder bridge	178 25
Fred Mayer, superstructure, Bush bridge	148 50
J W Cassingham, part salary as Auditor	432 78
A H Stilwell, part salary as Prosecuting Attorney	133 50
A H Stilwell, per cent. on fines and costs collected	26 01
J C McBane, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	81 65
Perry Collins, part pay for masonry of Killbuck bridge	300 00
J C & S B Miller, balance on masonry of Conesville bridge	77 00
A Koehler, part pay architect Infirmary Insane building	46 80
Leroy & Stemm, pipe fittings, by janitor	2 20
Wm Berry, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	206 05
Jos F Smith, shaving prisoners,	3 65
Trustees of Jackson Township, repairing break in road on Ohio Canal	52 00
J C Fisher, printing and binding tax receipt books	114 00
Amos Dillon, protecting Mohawk road	90 00
Abagart & Harris, stationery	4 50
E L Barrett & Sons, stationery	11 25
Siebert & Lilley, blanks	9 75
W H Parrish, express charges	55
Beach & McCabe, printing	21 00
Republic Printing Co., blanks	68 50

SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1882.

Contracted with John Douglass for lowering Bayou bridge, near Newcomerstown, agreeing to pay him therefor $145 00.

SPECIAL SESSION, OCTOBER 2, 1882.

Board met, all the members being present.

Made the following contracts for work, viz:

John Bolder, for masonry of Schlegel bridge, for 3.50 per perch.

John W Scott, for masonry of two culverts in Adams township, at 3.00 per perch.

J C Miller, for masonry of Turkey Lock Canal bridge, at 3.90 per perch.

Daniel Miller, for protecting road on Doughty's Fork, for the sum of 34.00.

M Kiser, for protecting road leading from Bloomfield to Spring Mountain, for 45 00.

Sold the construction of Zangg road in Clark township, as follows:

W Young.....Sec 1 at 55 cents per yard.
D Mullet.......Sec 2 at 85 cents per yard.
Jno Zangg.....Sec 3 at 55 cents per yard.
Wm Laland...Sec 4 at 35 cents per yard.
J P Bucklew, Sec 5 at $5.00 for entire section.
J P Bucklew, stone culvert on Sec 5, at 2.70 per perch.

Made contracts for work as follows, viz: Andrew Miller for culvert near lands of Sol Deeds, in White Eyes tp, at $3 40 per perch.

T Coverdale for masonry for bridge on Wright road, at $4 00 per perch.

T Coverdale for masonry for Bale bridge at $3 50 per perch.

T Coverdale for masonry for McCoy bridge at $4 50 per perch, all being in Virginia tp.

Sold the construction of Wright road in Virginia tp as follows:

Jno Wright Sec 1 at 30 cents per yard.
A Wright Sec 2 at 29 cents per yard.
Jas Cooksey Sec 3 at $24 00 for entire section.

Sold the grading of new channel for creek on Wright road, to James Cooksey for $25 00.

Sold the masonry for Gilmore bridge, in Washington tp. to John Gilmore at $3 25 per perch.

Sold the masonry for Sand Fork bridge to S W McCoy at $3 75 per perch.

Sold the construction of Slaughter road in Virginia tp. as follows:

Abner McCoy	sec 1	$45 00
Alex McCoy	sec 2	90 00
James Cox	sec 3	45 00

OCTOBER 3RD, 1882.

The following accounts, bills and transcripts of costs were presented, examined and allowed:

Jno A Hanlon, examining channel of river near Newcomerstown	$ 6 00
Joe Scherrer, masonry and grading on Roof road	65 00
A J Randles, masonry Brown's Run bridge	318 39
J C & S B Miller, part pay, masonry, Linton bridge	2,000 00
Ætna Insurance Co., premium for insuring Roscoe and Coshocton bridges	120 00
Sam'l Gamble, fees as Clerk, due from county	44 45
A Dillin, rebuilding culvert in	
N W Buxton, protecting piers, Walhonding bridge	80 00
L Preston, protecting Wakatomika road	50 00
A Koehler, Architect Infirmary Insane building	23 90
D Wright work on pier noses Walhonding bridges	58 00
John Sheetz, part pay for fill Newcomerstown road	400 00
Philip Sheetz part pay for fill Bayou bridge	200 00
J H Bechtol, for fill at Dinsmore bridge	15 00
John Douglass, lowering Bayou bridge	145 00
John Mackey, masonry Miller bridge	120 45
H Lepley, balance on approaches and masonry, Reese bridge	90 24
W S Mowery, protecting Mowery road	28 00
H McCune, protecting and flooring McCune bridge	18 74
J T Mossman, lumber for Johnson bridge	23 69
J C & S B Miller, protecting abutments, Linton bridge	75 00
Perry Collins, protecting Killbuck bridge	$ 30 00
Fred Mayer, pillars and fill, Simmons' Run bridge	22 50
G J Shrigley, estimate on Infirmary Insane building	647 18
Philip Guinther, Janitor, Septr	50 00
M B Laughead, painting front doors of Court House	5 00
J F Meek & Bro., Advertising	109 99
J C Fisher, Advertising	131 59
Otto Cummerow, Advertising	111 99
Wm Berry, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	67 20
C Lorenz, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	164 90
Lee & Gosser, shoes for prisoners	3 40
S H Lee, Stationery	2 05
Siebert & Lilley, Stationery	9 75
Republic Print. Co. stationery	14 00
Beach & McCabe, printing and advertising	52 80
Adams Express Co'y. Express charges	1 16
L L Cantwell, costs of self and others case of Ohio vs. J Dickerson	45 38
L L Cantwell, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs J Miller	84 10
L L Cantwell, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs A Delong	15 50
L L Cantwell, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs D Delong	36 50
H Blackman, costs, case of Ohio vs P Johnson	12 95
Johnson House, 3 hawks killed	1 50
Wm G Waggoner and others, 74 hawks killed	37 00

Settled with Bowman & Mayer, for superstructure of Warsaw bridge, as follows:

472 feet of superstructure, at $21 70 per foot		$10,242 40
Dr.		
June 10, to order on treasury	$1,000	
July 3, to order on treasury	1,000	
Sept. 5, to order on treasury	3,000	5,000 00
Balance due		$5,242 40

Which balance was ordered paid.

Settled with J C and S B Miller, for masonry of Linton bridge, as follows:

1,065 perches, at $3 99	4,249 35
Dr.	
To order on treasury	3,700 00
Balance due	$ 549 35

Which balance was ordered paid.

Settled with Perry Collins for masonry for Killbuck bridge, as follows:

341 21-25 perches, at $3.65	1,247 72
Dr.	
To order on treasury	585 00
Balance due	$662 72

Which was ordered paid.

SPECIAL SESSION, NOV. 6TH, 1882.

Board met. All members present.

Contracted with J C & S B Miller, for protection and approach to Newcomerstown bridge, agreeing to pay them therefor $55 00.

Contracted with Jacob Brubaker for fills at Schlegel bridge, in Crawford tp., agreeing to pay him therefor $30 00.

Contracted with John Warring for fills at Killbuck bridge and grading part of Mowery road, for sum of $102 50.

Contracted with Jos Miser for grading Chill and Bakersville roads, for sum of $100 00.

Contracted with Robert Kirk for making fills at Linton bridge, for sum of $224 00.

Contracted with Wm Porteaus for fill at arch culvert on Otsego road, for sum of $50 00.

Contracted with Jo F Tumblin for fills at Conesville bridge, at 16c per yard.

Contracted with Jack Flickmyer for grading Bethel road, for sum of $37 50.

NOVEMBER 7TH, 1882.

The following accounts were ordered paid:

A H Thompson, 10 bbls cement	$ 15 50
P Sheetz, part pay for fills at Bayou bridge	45 00
J C Fisher, printing	41 50
Coshocton Gas Co., gas, Aug., Sept. and Oct	28 75
J G Magaw, postage	7 50
Leroy & Stemm, pump, etc., for jail	34 70
P Guinther, janitor, Oct	50 00
Wrought Iron Bridge Co., of Canton, part pay for superstructure of Killbuck bridge	2,700 18
Beach & McCabe, printing	5 00
J G Magaw, postage, etc	13 56
I C Appis, lumber for Oxford tp. bridge	37 16
J and F Tumblin, fills to bridge and moving drift	23 56
John Mackey, superstructure of Oxford tp. bridge	35 00
J Sherrer, fill at culvert on Roof road	15 00
John Hummer, superstructure Conesville bridge	5 00
T Coverdale, masonry, Frost bridge	121 80
W G Moffit, coal	25 02
Jos Wilson, part pay, masonry, Bethlehem tp. bridge	25 00
John Sheetz, part pay, fill, Oxford tp. bridge	40 00
E McDonnald, hardware, by sheriff and janitor	11 70
Otto Cummerow, publishing tax notice	168 56
John Douglass, balance due on culvert, Otsego road	300 95
Geo Lorenz, sundries, by sheriff and janitor	1 75
J C & S B Miller, part pay, masonry, Newcomerstown b'ge	800 00
Wrought Iron Bridge Co., of Canton, part pay, superstructure Killbuck bridge	200 00
Jos Baughman, balance on masonry, Brown's run bridge	242 32
Jno Balder, part pay, masonry and fill, Schlegel bridge	111 00
J C Miller, trestles, Bayou bridge, Oxford tp	15 00
A Dillin, part pay, McElwee culvert	30 00
Clark & Sheets, removing tree from site of Newcomerstown bridge	1 50
Isaac Norris, tightening rods in Orange bridge	20 00
Fred Mayer, superstructure of Reese bridge	134 13
M Kiser, widening and protecting road in Clark tp	45 00
Green & Thomas, protecting Perry tp	50 00
R Nugen, team, by Commiss'rs	3 00
Benj Mason, masonry at ends of Warsaw bridge	25 00
Wolfe road, Keene tp	497 00
A Koehler, architect Infirmary insane building	23 00
B Burrell, removing frame sets, Killbuck bridge	2 50
Adams Express Co., express charges	35
Henry Miller, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs G W Finley	24 35
Jno Cross, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs W F Mowery	5 90
J T Simmons, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs Jas Cheney, Sr	11 55
G J Shrigley, estimate on Infirmary insane building	869 03
Jas Richeson & others, 92 hawks and owls killed	46 00
Jno M Harris, county map	2 00
Short & Forman, books	20 00
Republic Printing Co., stationery	70 50
O'Dell & Mayer, stationery	35 00
same "	8 25
Arbagart & Harris, "	48 75

Settled with J C and S B Miller for masonry of Newcomerstown bridge as follows:

330 17-25 pch, at $3 29,	1,087 90	
Protecting abutments	35 00	$1122 90
DR.		
To order		800 00
Balance due		$322 90

Which balance was ordered paid.

Settled with John Douglass for the construction of the arch culvert on Otsego road as follows:

101 perches at $5 95	600 95
DR.	
To order on treasury	300 00
Balance due	$ 300 95

Which balance was ordered paid.

REGULAR SESSION DEC. 4TH, 1882

Board met. All members present.

Contracted with Benj Mason for constructing approaches to Warsaw bridge, agreeing to pay him therefor, $25.

Contracted with John Douglass for raising Killbuck bridge, and increasing height of abutments two feet for the sum of $75.00.

Also, made the following contracts:

With T J Norman, for making fills at Canal bridge above Turkey Lock, agreeing to pay him therefor $147;

With Amos Dillon for protecting Mohawk road in Perry tp, for sum of $90;

With Amos Dillon for rebuilding culvert on East Union and New Castle road, for sum of $50;

With Amos Dillin for rebuilding protection on Mohawk road, Perry tp, for sum of $15;

With Amos Dillon, for rebuilding of McElwee culvert at $3.75 per perch, and $3.00 per day for team.

The following allowances were made to persons named for damage done to their sheep by dogs:

William Cullison	$75 00
Mary Wolford	13 00
J M Coulter	75 00
N Barrick	34 00
L Dawson	23 00
Jacob Gesse	33 00
Thomas H Elliott	22 00
Benjamin Lavengood	14 00

Established the alteration of roads in Oxford and Lafayette townships, petitioned for by Wm F Emerson and others, allowing compensation and damages as follows:

James Norman	$ 20 00
Wm Maxwell	130 00

Established the alteration of roads in Keene township, petitioned for by Wm Porter and others, allowing compensation and damages as follows:

Mary Williams	25 00

The following accounts and bills were ordered paid:

Siebert & Lilley, stationery	41 00
Ohio Law Journal, Revised Statutes	28 00
Adams Express Co., express charges	3 00
O'Dell & Mayer, file boxes	36 00
E L Barrett & Sons, stationery,	40 43
A J Miller, subpœnaing Grand Jury and Grand Jury witnesses, etc., October Term	208 79
A J Miller, jail fees for quarter ending December 4th	114 40
O B Hunt, attorney for defending Jacob Miller	25 00
W G Moffit, for coal	11 55
Lloyd Nichols, balance due on masonry of Rochester bridge	816 75
Wm Berry, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	163 05
Jno Stiner, kindling wood	6 25
J F Meek, publishing tax notice, Auditor's exhibit and times of holding courts	373 01
Otto Cummerow, publishing Auditor's exhibit and times of holding court	201 45
Philip Guinther, janitor for November	50 00
Robert Dorsey, barbering prisoners	5 20
Beach & McCabe, publishing times of holding courts	31 40
A H Stilwell, one quarter's salary as Prosecuting Attorney and per cent. on fines and costs collected	180 93
A H Stilwell, allowance as advisor of Commissioners and other county officers one year	100 00
Joseph Smith, labor on Coshocton and Roscoe bridges	34 00
A Wright, part pay for fill at Millfork bridge	25 00
A Koehler, archetect Infirmary insane building	25 10
J G Shrigley, estimate Infirmary insane building	500 00
same, extra work on same	18 50
B M Snyder and others, fees suppressing the Rowville riot	22 50
Fred Mayer part pay superstructure Rochester bridge	2,000 00
same, balance on superstructure Rochester bridge	240 00
same, for superstructure Brown's Run bridge	276 00
same, for extra work on Brown's Run bridge	11 25
Amos Dillon, balance on McElwee culvert	34 50
same, protecting Mohawk road	15 00
J W Cassingham, part salary as Auditor	432 78
McNary & Hawthorn, gas-fittings	1 62
Arbogart & Harris, for stationery	21 75
John Beaver, express charges and paid for collecting delinquent taxes	53 65
R H Nugen, livery for teams	4 00
Jonathan West and others, for 63 hawks and owls killed	31 50
John G Fry, making approaches to Dutch Run bridge	2 50
J H Robson, for coal	14 60
D Flickmyer, grading Bethel road	20 00
P Sheetz, fill at Bayou bridge	170 00
Wm Courtright, flooring Bethlehem township bridge	22 00
Alex McCoy, grading Slaughter road	60 00
Abner McCoy, grading Slaughter road	30 00
J V Heslip, ground for approaches to Linton bridge	35 00
Andrew Miller, part pay Deed's culvert	60 00
W R Gault, atty., for defending R Smith	25 00
Jonathan Cox, grading Cox road	10 00
Deeds & Thomas, fill at Deeds culvert	30 00
J C McBane, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	173 50
Benj Mason, approaches to Warsaw bridge	25 00
D Wright, turning Warsaw Canal bridge	20 75
F S Gaetz, cleaning tower clock	10 00
John Douglass, raising Killbuck bridge	75 00
R M Voorhees, legal services	15 00
John W Scott, masonry and fill, two culverts in Adams tp	160 00
Sam'l Gamble, clerk's fees, due from county	140 80
T Coverdale, masonry, McCoy bridge	204 00
Short & Forman, stationery	86 30
Geo Stringfellow and others, costs, case of Ohio, vs S P Sheldon	15 70
B Beard and others, costs, case of Ohio vs Brendly & Yost	17 75
A J Lavengood and others, costs, case of Ohio vs G Klinoknicht	8 90
L L Cantwell and others, costs, case of Ohio vs Buckmaster	19 75
Perry Collins, overcharge on stone sold	20 00

SPECIAL SESSION, JAN. 1ST, 1883.

Board met. All members present. The following bills and accounts were ordered paid:

Leroy & Stemm, gas fittings	7 15
D Miller, protecting roads in Clark tp	28 00
A McClure, repairing jail, etc	18 30
G J Shrigley, estimate on Infirmary insane building	361 39
Geo Guinther, hauling sawdust and ashes	3 00
Fred Mayer, superstructure McCoy bridge	153 45
Fred Mayer, superstructure Schlegel bridge	122 50
J C Miller, masonry of Turkey Lock bridge	287 97
Jno Godamer, masonry on Mowery road	45 00
J F Meek, publishing examiners' notice	5 00
H Blackman, criminal allowance, 1 year	125 00
J H Robson, for coal	60 90
A D Manner & Son, sending message to Commissioners	6 00
C Lorenz, per diem and mileage as commissioner	230 45
John O Warring, part pay for fill at Killbuck bridge	40 00
Philip Guinther, janitor, December	50 00
Siebert & Lilley, stationery	31 25
J M Crawford, indexing	66 50
King, Mirise & co., grate bars, etc	26 28
Benj Coe, hardware	5 35
Biggs & Crawford, dry goods, by Sheriff and janitor	13 10
Beach & McCabe for blanks	8 75
Wrought Iron Bridge Co., of Canton, balance on superstructure of Killbuck bridge	1317 42
Same, balance on pier noses for Warsaw bridge	23 50
Ridgeley and Parrish for freight and Express charges	1 59
Egbert McKee, and others, for 91 hawks and owls killed	45 50
Wrought Iron Bridge Co., of Canton, for superstructure Newcomerstown bridge	4688 25

Contracted with J C Miller for setting back south abutment of Turkey Lock bridge, agreeing to pay him therefor, $65.

SPECIAL SESSION, FEB. 5TH, 1883.

Board met, all members being present. The following accounts and bills were ordered paid:

Leroy & Stemm, trap and bench for jail	$ 2 35
Geo Guinther, hauling ashes	3 00
Philip Guinther, janitor, January	50 00
Beach & McCabe, publishing Commissioners' report, and blanks furnished	122 27
J C Fisher, publishing Commissioners' report, and blanks furnished	466 01
Otto Cummerow, publishing Commissioners' report	202 04
J F Meek, publishing Commissioners' report and blanks	201 04
Wm Porteus, making fill at arch culvert, Otsego road	50 00
I Wertheimer & Co., clothing for prisoners	1 00
R S Lawrence, ferrying school children at Linton	11 50
J H Robson, for coal	61 04
Coshocton Gas Co., gas, November and December	40 50
O'Dell & Mayer, stationery	35 00
John Gilmore, masonry, Gilmore bridge	208 00
Fred Mayer, superstructure for Gilmore bridge	155 92
E B Henderson, part pay for superstructure, Linton bridge	1,100 00
P Hosfelt, ground to make fill, Newcomerstown bridge	25 00
J C & S B Miller, part pay for setting back abutment of Turkey Lock bridge	55 00
P., C. & St. L. Railway, freight	60
John Beaver, amount paid for collecting delinquent personal taxes	25 90
J Anderson & Son, truss for prisoner	3 50
Arbogart & Harris, stationery	11 65
B W Ricketts, hardware by Sheriff and janitor	3 85
Republic Printing Co., stationery	28 25
John Pharion, repairing Roscoe and Coshocton bridges	6 00
Western Union Telegraph Co., telegraphing	50
Short & Forman, blank books	76 10
J G Magaw, postage	10 80
Wm Berry, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	141 30
J C McBane, expenses as Commissioner	40 50
C Lorenz, per diem and mileage as Commissioner	230 45
Wm Wagoner and others, 100 hawks and owls killed	50 00

Contracted with Daniel Miskimen for rip-rap protection at Newcomerstown bridge, at 85 cents per yard.

Contracted with P Grim for replacing Millcreek bridge on abutments, for the sum of 8.00.

Contracted with Fred Mayer for the superstructure for a bridge near Wm Porter's, in Keene township, at 5.95 per lineal foot.

Contracted with Fred Mayer for the superstructure of a bridge across the Ohio Canal, one mile above Turkey Lock, at 6.50 per lineal foot.

REGULAR SESSION, MARCH 5TH, 1883.

Board met. All the members present. The following accounts and bills were ordered paid:

A J Miller, sheriff fees for year 1882, in cases where State failed to convict	$ 300 00
A J. Miller, sheriff, jail fees, quarter ending March 5th	82 50
J W Cassingham, part salary as auditor	432 78
E McDonnald, hardware, by janitor	6 80
L J Bonnell, repairing chair cushion	2 00
Beach & McCabe, printing	4 50
P Eckert, livery, by commissioners	3 00
G T Ayers, groceries for prisoners	7 80
G A McDonnald, hotel bill, engineer Board Public Works	1 25
E B Henderson, balance on Linton bridge	1,208 50
J C Fisher, printing	139 02
A H Stilwell, one quarter salary as prosecuting atty	133 50
Robert Kirk, part pay, fill at Linton bridge	100 0
L Brunstool, repairing Walhonding canal bridge	21 20
D L Miskimen, protecting pier Newcomerstown bridge	25 50
Sam'l Mullet, repairing approach to Newcomerstown bridge	23 00
Andrew Miller, balance on culvert in White Eyes tp	15 50
P Grim, protecting Boyd bridge, Keene tp	12 00
P Grim, repairing bridge	12 77
C B Hershman, repairing Warsaw road	15 00
F Schumaker, making fill in Crawford tp	4 00
J H Robson, coal	22 65
J A Hanlon, inspecting Linton bridge, etc	22 00
P Guinther, janitor, Feb	50 00
Wm Berry, per diem and mileage as commissioner	133 85
J M Williams, atty for defending Delong and Buckmaster	50 00
J C and S B Miller, work at Newcomerstown bridge	30 00
Republic Printing Co., stationery	21 00
P C & St L Ry Co., freight	35
W H Parrish, express charges	20
J T Simmons, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs John Sherard	40 16
G F Cassingham, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs Alonzo Dillin	20 08
Henry Miller, costs of self and others, case of Ohio vs G W Darling	61 55

The following allowances were made to persons named for damages done to their sheep by dogs:

Cyrus Elder	88 70
W M Elder	69 75
J E Crowther	46 00
V Hooprich	32 00
Thos Carroll	41 75
John Clark	7 00
James King	43 00
Richard Taylor	32 00
Wm Huff	16 00
S J Ralston	24 00
F Kline	9 00
R Shepherd	60 00
N Taylor	25 00
Wm Biggs	20 00
R H Treadway	40 25
Sam'l Lowery	102 00
John W Lowery	75 00

Settled with E B Henderson for superstructure of Linton bridge, which was as follows:

164 feet of superstructure, at $20	$3,280 00
Dr.	
To amount paid you	2,076 50
Balance due	$ 1,203 50

Contracted with the State Board of Public Works for use of the towing path of the Ohio Canal between the canal bridge near the mouth of White Eyes Creek, and the canal bridge near and east of Turkey Lock, for the purpose of a county road, for which we agreed to pay seven hundred and seventy-five dollars; said road to be kept in repair at the expense of the State.

SPECIAL SESSION, MARCH 16TH, 1883.

Board met. All the members present.

Contracted with Beach & McCabe for Assessors' blanks, for year 1883, at $4.50 per thousand.

SPECIAL SESSION, APRIL 3D, 1883.

Board met. All the members present. The payment of the following accounts and bills was ordered:

A J Miller, Sheriff, summoning witnesses, etc	$ 115 72
Samuel Gamble, expense in getting journal signed	15 35
Beach & McCabe, printing	37 97
W H Parrish, express charges	95
Henry Clark, making approaches to Brown's Run bridge	40 00
J G Magaw, postage	9 27
Samuel Mullett, part pay for fill, Newcomerstown bridge	15 00
Cochran & Goodhue, removing obstructions from bridge piers	3 00
Wm Burns, Jr., stationery	3 00
Abner McCoy, grading Wright road	15 00
J H Robson, coal	13 28
Otto Cummerow, advertising	19 95
Vincent Ferguson, per diem and mileage as commissioner	93 40
C Lorenz, per diem and mileage as commissioner	120 75
Coshocton Gas Co., gas, February	19 00
H J Lewis, inspecting Linton bridge	5 00
P Guinther, assistance in repairing jail	8 00
Geo Guinther, labor at court house and jail	11 20
Biggs & Crawford, one box of soap, by janitor	$ 5 00
P Guinther, janitor to April 4, 1883	58 00
R F Sayer, groceries for prisoners	1 65
J W Cookey, work on Wright road	49 00
John Wright, fill on Wright road	21 00
Alex McCoy, grading McCoy road	30 00
James Cox, grading McCoy road	45 00
Geo Shrigley, conveying architect to Infirmary	7 00
M L Thatcher, protecting masonry, Rochester bridge	180 00
Short & Forman, stationery	173 00
Republic Printing Co., stationery	21 00
J R Mills, stationery	41 60
J C Fisher, printing	6 97
Robert Clark & Co., books	4 00
Orr & Harris, stationery	7 75
B F Wade & co., stationery	2 75
Siebert & Lilley, stationery	1 25
J F Meek, printing	16 45
E L Barrett & Sons, stationery	20 00

Contracted with John Michel for protecting the abatments of Bethel bridge, for one dollar per yard.

Contracted with Thomas Norman for reflooring Henderson river and canal bridges, at 2.25 per 100 feet, board measure.

Contracted with Samuel Mullet for making fill at east end of Newcomerstown bridge for twenty-nine dollars, and with J M Burt for addition to fill on west end, for ten dollars.

Contracted with Daniel Miskimen for rip rap near Newcomerstown bridge, at one dollar per yard.

Contracted with Jacob Stacker for building a stone culvert in Oxford township, for seventy-five dollars.

Contracted with Abner McCoy for making fills at McCoy bridge for twenty cents per yard for east fill, and eleven cents per yard for west fill.

Contracted with J H West for grading Section one of Emerson road, for thirty-one and 50-100ths dollars.

Contracted with Thomas Norman for masonry of bridge on Emerson road at 3.05 per perch, and for culvert on same road at 2.95 per perch, and with Frank Emerson for superstructure for the above bridge at 1.90 per 100 feet.

Contracted with Timothy Emerson for grading Section two of Emerson road for eighteen and 75-100ths dollars.

Contracted with John West for grading

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Section three of Emerson road, for twenty dollars.

Contracted with Fred Mayer for rebuilding the east abutment of Crooked Run bridge, at $3.65 per perch.

Contracted with A. G. Wolfe for constructing approach to Crooked Run bridge, for seventeen dollars.

Contracted with the following persons for rebuilding the county road between Crooked Run bridge and the residence of William Valentine, and rebuilding Hershman embankment:

Philip Sheetz, section 1, for $189 00
Philip Sheetz, section 2, for 100 00
A G Wolfe, section 3, for 705 00
Moffit & Miller, Hartman embankment, 13¾ cents per yard.

Contracted with John O Warring for making fill on Mowery road, at 13¾ cents per yard.

SPECIAL SESSION, MAY 7TH, 1883.

Board met. All members present. Ordered the payment of the following accounts and bills:

John Zaugg, grading section 3 Zaugg road $29 70
D Miller, grading sec 2 Zang road } D Miller, grading section 6 Ames road 80 00
Geo Ames for grading sections 1 and 2 Ames road 65 25
Geo Ames, superstructure of bridge, Ames road 11 00
J W Croskey, grading sec 8 Ames road 50 02
James Croskey, grading sec 5 Ames road 20 00
N Van Kennel, masonry on Ames road 53 82
Samson Miller, grading Amos road 122 21
H Huffman, west fill McCoy bridge 4 73
J M Burt, riprap Newcomerstown bridge 82 83
J M Burt, fill on west end of same and protecting abutment 51 00
A G Wolfe, part pay rebuilding sec 3 of Warsaw road 90 00
M Frost, superstructure Frost bridge 88 40
John O Warring, part pay, fill at Killbuck bridge and grading Mowery road 43 75
Abner McCoy, making east fill at McCoy bridge 16 10
T Coverdale, part pay, masonry Wright bridge 200 00
Saml Mullett, making east approach Newcomerstown bridge 11 00
Levi Magness, repairing east approach McCoy bridge 13 00
Robert Kirk, making fills Linton bridge 121 00
H J Lewis, measuring Hershman embankment 5 00
B F Sells, livery by Commissioners 4 00
W Laland, grading section 4 Zaugg road 19 42
W Young, grading sec 3 Zaugg road 48 47
Tunis Woll, whitewashing jail 20 00
A H Stilwell, telegraphing and express to Columbus 7 80
A P Clark, rip rap west approach to Linton bridge 85 25
Coshocton Gas Co, gas for March 7 25
Siebert & Lilley, stationery 27 75
P Eckert, livery by Commissioners 3 00
Johnson Watson, stationery 8 00
Robt Clark & Co, Wild's Journal Entries 8 30
Ingham, Clark & Co, McVey's Ohio Digest 15 00
Cal Thomas, Janitor, April 40 00
J F Meek, publishing Inspectors' report 7 68
P Sheetz, repairing first two sections Warsaw road 230 00
Robt Kirk, ground to make fill at Linton bridge 15 00
John Gilmore and others, making approaches to Gilmore bridge 27 75
Republic Printing Co, stationery 17 00
Beach & McCabe, blanks and advertising 20 01
J H Robson, coal 18 83
Moffit & Miller, part pay Hershman fill 200 00
E. McDonald, hardware, by Janitor 3 01
J Cassingham, paid for telegraphing twice, etc 2 11
Coshocton Gas Co, gas, April 15 25
J L Rue, baskets for waste paper 7 50
McNeil & Johnson, matches 50
J R Mills & Co, envelopes 5 00
Short & Foreman, stationery 10 00
Otto Cummerow, publishing Inspectors' report 3 83
John Michel, protecting abutments Bethel bridge 13 00
George Smith and others, nine hawks and owls killed 4 50

REGULAR SESSION, JUNE 5TH, 1883.

Board met; all the members present.

The following allowances were made to persons named for damages done to their sheep by dogs:

W L White .... $ 90 00
W Stonehooker 10 00
J M Bucklew 88 00
N W Buxton 90 00
Arch Clark 125 00
Samuel Mellon 51 00
A J Doak 17 00
George Wolfe 18 00
Joseph Misor 175 00
John Overholt 8 00
Joseph Treadway 78 00
Mat Crawford 20 00

Settled with John Gadamer, for building an arch culvert near Isaac Stafford's, in Bethlehem township, and repairing Crawford bridge as follows:

Thirty-six perches at $4 .... $144 00
Making fill 18 00
Repairing Crawford bridge 11 50
—— $168 50

which amount was ordered paid

The following accounts were ordered paid:

J F Meek, advertising 5 40
S W McCoy, masonry and fill McFarland bridge 224 12
Frank Butler, fill at south approach of Walhonding bridge 30 30
Frank Butler, repairing masonry of same 8 00
J C Miller, balance on masonry Turkey Lock bridge 10 00
H F Bucklew, lumber for Warsaw canal bridge 37 20
Joshua Carr, repairing floor Warsaw canal bridge 10 00
Alex Clark, protecting south approach Linton bridge 20 00
Cal Thomas, Janitor, May 40 00
A G Wolfe part pay rebuilding Warsaw road 200 00
David Mullett, grading Ames road 23 20
Thos Wert, protecting Orange and Bakersville road 10 00
Johnson & Watson, blanks 2 50
J W Cassingham, part salary as Auditor 482 78
J C Fisher, blanks 63 08
Wm Berry per diem as Commissioner 100 00
Manner & Son, livery by Commissioner 3 00
Moffet & Miller, part pay, Hershman embankment 200 00
Fred Mayer, superstructure Turkey Lock bridge 367 25
Same superstructure Washington township bridge 155 92
Same, superstructure Wright bridge 170 77
Sam'l Gamble, fees due from county 105 61
A H Stilwell, one-quarter salary as Prosecuting Attorney 133 50
Same, per cent on fines and costs collected 68 38
Troup, Kinnard & Co, stationery 7 00
Geo Guinther, hauling ashes 2 00
A J Miller, boarding prisoners and jail fees 64 20
Same, summoning juries etc 59 80
T J Norman, re-flooring Henderson bridge, and repairing canal and river bridges Lafayette township 80 30
Same, making approaches Turkey Lock bridge 147 00
T Coverdale, making approaches Wright bridge 28 25
Same, balance on masonry Wright bridge 33 66
H W Luccock, attorney fees defending Dorr 25 00
J M William, attorney's fees, defending Crawford 25 00
J H Hunt, steel pens 6 75
Adams Express Co, express charges 25
Otto Cummerow, advertising 5 40
TJ Smith, earth to make fill at Turkey Lock bridge 58 40
Siebert & Lilley, books 18 00
Robt Dorsey, barbering prisoners 6 85
Siebert & Lilley, stationery 20 75
Short & Forman, stationery 4 50
Troup, Kinnard & Co, stationery 16 00
Johnson & Watson, stationery 11 00
Siebert & Lilley, stationery 8 50
H I Lewis, measuring fill at Killbuck bridge 5 00
Robt Kirk, making approach Linton bridge 85 00
Vincent Ferguson, per diem and mileage as Commissioner 100 00
Wm Berry, per diem and mileage as Commissioner 93 50
C Lorenz, per diem and mileage as commissioner 127 00
J G Magaw, postage 3 00
L L Cantwell, costs of sell and others case of Ohio vs S P Lower 20 15

Established the alteration of roads in Bethlehem township, petitioned for by M Crawford and others, allowing compensation and damages as follows:

Elkanah Burrell 118 00
Lloyd Nichols 50 00

Contracted with J C and S B Miller, for the masonry for a bridge across Laurie Run, in Linton township, agreeing to pay them $1 per perch for the same.

Contracted with Frank Hanlon for a Philadelphia lawn mower, agreeing to pay him $00 for the same.

SPECIAL SESSION, July 2ND, 1883.

Board met; all members being present. Ordered the payment of the following bills:

Cal Thomas, Janitor, June 40 00
Moffit & Miller, part pay Hershman embankment 800 00
Sam'l Trott, flooring Walhonding canal bridge 21 70
F Newmiller, painting Bakersville bridge 6 00
Deeds & Stiner, balance on Deeds' culvert 80 00
Fred Mayer, flooring bridge near Empire Mill 5 00
Samuel Leach, flooring Leach bridge 7 00
Fred Mayer, masonry, painting and flooring Crooked Run bridge 257 00
Same, flooring Roscoe canal bridge 87 88
Joseph Wilson, part pay masonry Weatherwax bridge 50 00
Alex Clark, protecting approaches Linton bridge 46 12
J O Warring, protecting road near Killbuck bridge 100 00
Perry Atkinson, protecting McCune bridge 14 20
James Richeson, protecting Fry ford bridge 10 00
P Risner, painting Chili bridge 10 00
John Scott, building stone culvert at Schlegels 99 83
Wm Cooksey, making west approach to Wright bridge 10 00
A G Wolfe, balance for grading road between Roscoe and Warsaw 488 00

SPECIAL SESSION, JULY 17th, 1883.

Board met; all members present.

Awarded the contract for the masonry for the bridge across the Walhonding river at Perry Darling ford to J C and S B Miller, at 4.71 per perch of 25 feet.

Awarded the contract for an iron superstructure for the bridge at Perry Darling ford to the wrought Iron Bridge Co. of Canton, O., at 25.25 per lineal foot.

Gave the Morgan Run Coal co. a right of way for a coal railroad across the county infirmary farm upon the payment of one thousand dollars by said coal company for said right of way.

Settled with Moffit & Miller for constructing the Hershman embankment which settlement was as follows:

11,886 4-5 yards, at 13 1-4 .... $1 575 00
Dr.
To order on treasury 700 00
Balance due .... $ 875 00

which balance was ordered paid

Settled with T Coverdale for masonry, etc., of Markley bridge, Virginia tp., which settlement was as follows:

29 4-5 perches, at $ 50 .... $ 104 30
New lumber for same 6 00
Amount due 110 30

which sum was ordered paid.

SPECIAL SESSION, AUGUST 6th, 1883.

Board met; all members being present. The following accounts and bills were ordered paid:

Jos Wilson, balance on masonry and superstructure of Wheatcraft bridge 50 75
G H Bargar, balance due on expenses in securing Turkey Look road 25 00
Wm Berry, per diem, mileage and expenses as commissioner 12 95
Jacob Starker, building box culvert, Oxford tp 77 75
Robert Clark & Co., statute slips 25
J R Mills & Co., stationery 17 50
Troup, Kinnard & Co., stationery 10 50
Beach & McCabe, printing 10 50
same advertising 14 17
same printing 2 00
J F Meek, advertising 17 95
Otto Cummerow 17 05
Johnson Watson, stationery 8 00
Short & Forman " 45 00
same " 22 00
Wm Mann " 20 25
Siebert & Lilly " 31 00
J C Fisher blanks 11 00
J Waggoner, repairing chairs and desk 11 00
David Markley and others, viewing Infirmary farm 9 00
E McDonald, hardware, by Janitor and Sheriff 9 01
B Coe hardware and tinware 5 25
F G Kay, books 2 00
Zanesville Courier, books 59 00
S P Grier, stationery 1 00
C Schlegal, fill, Schlegal bridge 32 00
T McNary, steam pipe 12 50
P Eckert, livery by Commissioners 3 00
J C & S B Miller, masonry at Laurie Run bridge 588 89
Cal Thomas, Janitor, July 40 00
D Misklmin, rip rap, Newcomerstown bridge 111 35
Fred Mayer, covering cords of 14 open bridges with tin, 400¾ lineal feet, at 35 .... 153 94
Manner & Son, horse to mow Court House yard 0 75
J O Warring, balance on fill at Killbuck bridge 148 70
Bangaman & Hartman, part pay, rip rap near Aqueduct 100 00
J G Magaw, postage 17 62
A Workman, 1 hawk killed 50
A Turner, 1 hawk killed 50
John Michel, repairing wash out in Linton tp 60 00
Coshocton Gas Co., gas, May, June and July 18 25
D Parks, fill at Bale bridge 26 00
John Gadamer, repairing Stafford culvert, and approaches to same 60 00
J H Wilson, part pay, fill, Bucklew bridge 10 80
Watters, Hilton & co., flooring for Frederick bridge 58 06
Robert Kirk, repairing White Eyes creek bridge, Linton tp 107 80
J Zimmerman, protecting Norris and Powell bridges 5 00
J Zimmerman, masonry Powell bridge 157 69
H Blackman, six months' criminal allowance 50 00
J Zimmerman, superstructure and fill, Powell bridge 21 20
Adams Ex press Co., express charges 1 25
G G Ridgely, freight 2 12
John Beaver, hawk certificates redeemed 1 00
John Beaver, express charges paid, etc 18 87

On all motions involving the appropriation or payment of money, a call of the yeas and nays was had, as required by law.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM BERRY,
CASIMER LORENZ,
VINCENT FERGUSON,
Commissioners of Coshocton County, Ohio.

COSHOCTON, Ohio, October 1st, 1883.

To the Hon. Wellington Stilwell, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Coshocton County, Ohio:

We, the undersigned Committee appointed at the October Term of said Court to examine the report of the Commissioners of Coshocton County of their financial transactions during the year ending September 3d, 1883, respectfully report that we have investigated said report and financial transactions, and have found vouchers on file for all disbursements authorized by the Commissioners; and we also find that said disbursements and financial transactions of said Commissioners were authorized by law.

December 26th, 1883.

CHARLES B. HUNT,
HOWARD W. LUCCOCK,
A. H. STILWELL,
Committee.

Pure blood helps to make a clear conscience. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Enough said. Send us a big bottle.

Youth and Age.

The time for action is our youth. It is then that we gather in the grapes. With freckled face, and sun-burnt hands we wander from vine to vine, from trelis to trelis to trelis. In the very exhuberance of childish glee, and spirits. In age we sit in the shade, while the hours away in conversation with our friends while we sip the wine, which is the better for all the long years that have passed since the vintage. In youth we should learn wisdom. It is thus we should sow the seeds which are to bear fruit for the future. We should be taught that PERUNA is the greatest medicine ever discovered, and that it has worked some wonderful cures. There is a book which can be procured at the drug stores, which tells you all about this medicine. It is entitled the "Ills of Life." Ask for it, and read it through and then buy PERUNA, and you will never regret it. Send to Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co. Columbus, O., for a book on the "Ill of Life," gratis.

HOME.—In calling attention to an article advertised in our columns, we are pleased to notice an excellent sign in regard to it, viz that the testimonials relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla are from New England people, and many are from Lowell, the home of this medicine. We are assured that the sale of this article in Lowell, where it is best known is wholly unprecedented in the annals of proprietary medicines. We leave it to you to decide as to the probable merits of an article with such a solid foundation.

Wonderful Cures.

The press of the country is constantly filled with wonderful cures which have transpired through the agency of some medicine in their immediate neighborhood. Some of these have some foundation, but a great number have no better foundation than the slighty imagination of the writer. The following case, however, is without precedent, and anyone is given the privilege of writing to the subscriber and seing if he tells the truth.

ERIE, PA.

DR. HARTMAN—I cannot but feel it my duty to express thanks to you before your departure from our city, for the great benefit I have received from your medicine PERUNA. One bottle placed me on my feet after a sickness of four weeks, which confined me to my bed and then left me lame and crippled. Three days after the commencement of the use of your remedy the cane was dispensed with, and in a week I was entirely well.

N. J. WRIGHT,
Business Agent Evening Herald, Erie. Pa

For a pamphlet on the "Ills of Life." address Dr. S. B. Hartman & Co. Columbus, O., they will send it free of charge.

HOWARD W. LUCCOCK,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

Main Street .... Bank.

IN A SEA OF FLAME.

A Railroad Bed Transformed into a River of Burning Oil—A Train Plows Through Waves of Fire—Three Persons Burned to Death and Twenty-six on the Brink of Eternity.

One of those disasters peculiar to the oil country occurred about three miles from Bradford, Pa., Tuesday morning, resulting in the entire destruction by fire of a pessenger train on the Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Railroad. A tank of oil on the Anchor Oil Company's lease, on the Buchanan farm, while being steamed, burst, its contents coursing down the steep hillside and running into the roadbed of the railroad. At that point the road is very steep, and the vagrant oil ran down the track for fully half a mile. The morning train from Wellsville, due at Bradford at 10 A. M., consisted of an express car and a passenger coach. Every seat in the car was taken. The express car was also partly filled with passengers. When the train entered the river of oil, the engineer, who was unconscious of danger, was startled by a loud and deafening explosion, and an instant afterward the entire train seemed enveloped in a mass of flames. The gas in the oil had come in contact with the furnace of the engine, firing the oil. Engineer Patrick Sexton immediately applied the air-brakes and reversed his engine. For a brief instant the train came to a halt. The engineer said he was surrounded by seas of flames, and noticed with dread that the waves of burning oil surged ahead of him on the track for a long distance. To remain in the midst of the burning fluid meant certain death. He opened wide the throttle and the engine thundered on at a terrible rate of speed. A sharp curve was ahead The engineer reversed his machine, and with his fireman, Michael Walsh, jumped into the deep snow bank which lined both sides of the road. After running a mile the train was finally derailed and fell in a heap in a ditch, when the work of destruction was completed.

IN A TERRIBLE PLIGHT.

The passengers, at the sight of the destruction, were terror-stricken, and the scene that followed beggars description. Locked in and helpless in a furnace of fire, traveling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, their anguish knew no bounds. Men of nerve lost their heads. Women fell to the floor in a swoon, and the cries and lamentations of little children pierced through the hearts of iron. There was a dash for the door and windows through the sweeping flames which cooked the flesh and singed the hair on the faces and heads of the imprisoned passengers within. It was everybody for themselves, and men in their desperation jumped from the speeding train and fell prostrate to the ground, burned and mangled to pieces. So fierce was the heat of the flames that the windows were almost instantly cracked, allowing tongues of fire to lick the interior of the coach. Wonderful to relate only three lives were lost. There were many maraculous escapes. The victims were all women. Mrs. L. C. Fair, of Aiken, was burned to death. When taken from the ruins the body was burned almost beyond recognition. The ghastly corpse lay in the snow with both hands extended. Her husband, who was in the baggage car, started to go back to rescue his wife. At the door he was met by a wall of flames, the passage of which was certain death. He was forced to jump from the side door and escaped with slight bruises. George McCartney, the newsboy, who is badly burned about the, head, face and hands, will recover. McCartney could have escaped. He was nearly out of the car when he heard the cries of Mrs. Fair. He attempted to help the woman out but at the critical moment she lost her presence of mind and fainted. In order to save himself when he recovered the young man jumped through the window and landed in a pool of oil.

The death of Miss Katie Moran, of Allen, N. Y., a small station near Aiken, was peculiarly sad. She was a young woman. Her body, which was almost burned to a crisp, was found hanging onto the frame work of the car. Both hands were closed with a vise-like grip upon the window sash. The clothes were entirely burned off. It is evident that death was caused by inhaling the flames. The young lady had managed to crawl out of the window, and while on the very threshhold of escape from death fell back a victim to the terrible flames.

The third victim was Mrs. Libias Jones, of Reed City, Pa. She was burned to a crisp. Mrs. Connelly, of Reed City, who was reported dead, escaped with slight injuries and was able to go home.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

A Mr. Burk, who was on the train said: "The train was running at the rate of 15 miles an hour. Suddenly, the car became dark. Jets and tongues of flame leaped up on the sides and through the ventilators of the car. The glass cracked with a snap, and the heat became uuendurable. I knew at once that we were passing an oil fire. I recognized the peculiar hissing of the burning oil. Turning to my sister Mary, I said 'We are passing through an oil fire; be quiet; it will soon be over.' People began to jump through the windows. On all sides was heard the crashing of the glass, and the deafening roar of the sea of flames. That car was a regular hell in less than three minutes after it took fire. It seemed as if we were all doomed to burn to death The situation was terrible. The car was filled with the cries of women and children and the groans of strong men. Women and children were picked up by strong hands and bodily fired through the cracking windows Those who jumped out of the windows fared better than the few who dashed through the doors into the ocean of flame which surged to and fro like huge waves upon the bed of the road. Those who jumped from the windows landed in huge drifts of snow. Those who went through the doors had their hands, faces and clothing badly burned and singed, and some were so badly burned that they will doubtless die.

I started down the aisle but the heat was so awful that it made my head swim. It was impossible to move. The car swayed to and fro like a ship in a heavy sea. The windows offered the only means of escape. I said to Mary: "We must jump through the window." I arranged a cloak about her head. The heat had already cracked the glass. I picked her up bodily, and mustering all my strength, dashed her headforemost through the window. I then picked up a little girl who was crying and threw her out of the same window, and then I made the jump of my life, landing in a snow drift. My moustache and my hair were only slightly singed. My sister rolled down the bank and escaped without a scratch. It was the most eventful experience of my life. There is nothing so fierce as an oil fire, and the only wonder to me is that any of the passengers escaped with their lives. It seemed as if the coach was all in flames in less than two minutes after it was engulfed in the fiery sea of oil. The heat was so fierce that in less time than it takes for me to tell it, the car windows were cracked and tongues of flame were licking the heads and faces of the affrighted passengers.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles, has been discovered by Dr. William, (an Indian remedy,) called DR. WILLIAM'S INDIAN OINTMENT. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of twenty-five years' standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions and instruments do more harm than good. William's Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, (particularly at night after getting warm in bed,) acts as a poultice, gives instant and painless relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.

For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1.00. Sold by M. W. McNaughton & Co., Coshocton, O.

Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

Cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Lame Back, Sprains and Bruises, Asthma, Catarrh, Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Diphtheria, Burns, Frost Bites, Tooth, Ear, and Headache, and all pains and aches.

The best internal and external remedy in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by medicine dealers everywhere. Directions in eight languages.

Price 50 cents and $1.00.

FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Prop'rs, BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

CASTORIA

for

Infants and Children

Without Morphine or Narcotine.

What gives our Children rosy cheeks,
What cures their fevers, makes them sleep;
'Tis Castoria.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns,
What cures their colic, kills their worms,
But Castoria.

What quickly cures Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Colds, Indigestion;
But Castoria.

Farewell then to Morphine Syrups,
Castor Oil and Paregoric, and
Hail Castoria.

Centaur Liniment.—An absolute cure for Rheumatism, Sprains, Burns, Galls, &c., and an instantaneous Pain-reliever.

MARKETS.

Coshocton Prices Current.

Corrected weekly by D. H. Mortley, Grocer, E. E. Corner.

Apples, green, per bushel	100
Apples, dried, per pound	5 to 6
Butter, per pound	20
Bacon, sides, per pound	10
Beans, per bushel	1 40 to 200
Beeswax, per pound	15
Chickens, per pair, spring	50
Corn Meal, per sack	25 to 50
Dried peaches, pared, per lb	10
Eggs per dozen	25
Flour per sack	1 55
Flour by Patent Process	1 85
Hams per pound Country	12
Honey per pound	15
Lard per pound	10
Onions, per bushel	40
Onion Sets, per bush	2 00
Potatoes per bushel new	40
Peaches, dried, per pound	6to7
Shoulders per pound	8to8½
Salt per barrel	1 40
Tallow per pound	6 to7

Subject to changes during the week.

Coshocton Grain Market.

WHEAT—Per bushel, white, old	$1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, red, old	1 00
WHEAT—Per Bushel, new	1 00
CORN—	50
OATS—	35
RYE—	65
FLOUR—Per Barrel, XXX	6 45
Per Sack, XX	1 55
MEAL—Per Bushel	90
BRAN—Per hundred	90
SHORTS—	1 00
CORN and OATS CHOP—	1 50
PATENT FLOUR—per sack	1 75

Pittsburg Market.

Corrected especially for the Coshocton AGE by R. Beatty, Son & Co., 168 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Wholesale Produce Commission House, established 1890, receive and sell all kinds Country Produce, Domestic and Foreign Fruits and Vegetables. Shippers and country dealers having seasonable produce, etc, for sale, are invited to consign or correspond.

Country Produce.

APPLES—New, Choice, per bbl, 3 00a3 25 good 2 75a3 00; medium, 2 00a1 75.

APPLE BUTTER—per gal, 50a55c; Apple Jelly, 8a 7c per lb.

BUTTER—Dairy, 21a23c; "Gilt Edge," 23a25c; Creamery, 30a35c; Choice Roll, 22a20c; Extra Choice Roll, 28a21c; Medium, 12a10c.

DRIED FRUITS—Apples, sliced, 10a11c; do quarters, 6½a7c; Peaches, halves, 8a7c; rendo, 15a18c; pitted Cherries, 20a22c; Rasberries, 28a30c; Blackberries, 9a10c; per lb for all.

FEATHERS—Live Geese, per lb, 70a65c Mixed, 55a50c.

EGGS—Strictly Fresh, 29a30; pickled 24a25.

HONEY.—York State 21 to 20; White Clover 20 to 22; Buckwheat 18a19.

ONIONS—Onions 100 a125 per bbl.

POULTRY—Live chickens 40 a50 a per pair for large; small chickens per pair 35a40, live turkeys per lb, 10a11c dressed chickens per lb, 10a11c; dressed turkeys 15a20c dressed duck 12a 13c.

POTATOES—Early rose, per bush, 50a45 cts; Burbank 50 a 45c; other varieties 45c.

RAGS—Cotton, White per lb, 2¼c; Cotton, Mixed, 2a2¼c; Woolen, 1-4a¾c.

SEEDS—Timothy per bushel, 1 50a1 60 Clover, 5 75a6 00, for small; 6 25 a6 50 for large.

TALLOW—Country 7a7¼c; Beeswax 23a25c per lb.

Grain, Flour, Feed, Etc.

WHEAT—Prime Red Winter, 1 10a112; Medium, 1 08a110.

CORN—High mixed Shelled, 60a61; Yellow Shelled, 56a58; Ear Corn, 60a62.

OATS—40a41c for white, 35a37c for mixed.

RYE—Choice, 60a62.

BARLEY—89a90 for Prime North-western Spring; 75a80 for Medium.

FLOUR—Fancy Patents, spring and winter. 7 50a7 25; Fancy St. Louis, winter, 7 50a7 25 Fancy Family White Amber and Winter, 6 00 a6 25; Choice Family, choice red winter, 6 00a 5 75; XX Family, medium winter, 5 50a5 75 XXX Bakers, Minnesota, 6 25a6 00; XX Bakers Wisconsin, 6 00a6 25; Cornmeal, 75a80c in paper. Oatmeal—medium brand—7 25a8 00 per bbl; Fancy, 7 75 8 00. Rye Flour, 4 50a4 25; buckwheat flour 3a3.

MILL FEED—White Middlings, 20 00a 2300; Coarse, do, 15 00a 18 00; Seconds, 1300a13 50;

HAY—Prime Timothy, baled, 8 11 00a12 00 per ton Prime New Loose, 11 00a14 00 Prarie 8 00a8 50

Live Stock Market.

East Liberty Jan, 16 1884.

Cattle dull; prime, 6a6 50 fair to good 5a5 75 common 4a4 75; receipts, 1,278 head; shipments 171 head. Hogs stronger; Philadelphias 6 30a 6 40, Yorkers 5 60a5 58; receipts, 1,265; shipments 2,800 head. Sheep in fair demand; prime 5 25a5 50, fair to good 4 50a5, common 2 50a3 50; receipts 2,000 head, shipments, 600 head.

Chicago Grain Market.

WHEAT—$1 00
CORN—60
OATS—37¼-1

New York Grain Market

WHEAT—97
CORN—58
OATS—32.

E. T. SPANGLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW

Coshocton, O.—Office: North of public square, Chestnut Street, same as heretofore occupied by Spangler & Pomerene.

FARMS on James River, Va., in a Northern settlement. Illustrated circular free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Virginia.

BOOKS—MILLIONS of Volumes a year. The choicest literature of the world. Catalogue free. Lowest prices ever known. Not sold by dealers. Sent for examination before payment on evidence of good faith.

JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher.
P. O. Box 1227. 18 Vesey St., N. Y.

NOTICE.

On the 10th day of January, in the year 1884, the Probate Court of Coshocton county declared the estate of Samuel D. Welling, deceased, to be probably insolvent; creditors are therefore required to present their claims against the estate to the undersigned, for allowance within six months from the time above mentioned, or they will not be entitled to payment. Dated Jan. 10, 1884.

GEORGE W. COOPER,
Jan12-6w. Administrator.

Dr. F. E. STOAKS,

HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Coshocton, Ohio.

OFFICE—Located in Forbes Block, 2d floor.

Office hours, 7 to 9 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 9 P. M

☞ Residence on N. Fifth street, near Arlington House. Nov10-1y.

PATENTS

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of American and Foreign Patents, Washington, D. C. All business connected with Patents, whether before the Patent office or the Courts, promptly attended to. No charge made unless a patent is secured. Send for circular. Nov10-6m.

HAVE YOUR LUMBER SAWED NOW.

I have just purchased a new eighteen horse power saw-mill from the well-known John H. McNamara, of Newark, Ohio, and within ten days or two weeks will be prepared to saw all kinds of lumber. Mill located first on farm of Mr. Wm. Orr. For information call at mill or address

22-4t JOHN KUHN, Warsaw.

J. J. BROWER, M. D.,

Treats all kinds of Chronic Diseases; Also makes a specialty of the Diseases of Women and Children. Office and residence,

Corner Walnut St. and Burt Ave., Coshocton

Office Hours—From 7 to 9 A. M., 12 to 2 P. M. 5 to 7 P. M.

FITS: All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

CANCER INSTITUTE, 931, Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go to it. Oct. 20 3m

We Say we Do, But DO We?

Look at this and see. No sham, no blow, but an actual fact, for the

NEXT 30 DAYS

We will make the following sweeping reductions:

Men's all wool Beaver Overcoats, former price $13.50, now 10.00, Brown, Blue and Black. Men's heavy wool Chinchilla Overcoats, Brown, Blue and Black, former price $9.00, reduced to 6.50.

Men's fine light colored Ulsterettes, former price $10.00, now 7.00.

Men's fine Corkscrew Overcoats, green steel mixed and black, former price, $16.50, reduced to 11.50.

Men's fine diagonal, serge lined Overcoats, former price $18.00, reduced to 12.50. Men's handsome, satin lined, melton Overcoats, green, black and blue, former price $25.00, now 18.00

Youth	Overcoats.	formerly	$12.00,	now	9.50
"	"	"	10.00.	"	7.75
"	"	"	8.00,	"	6.25
Boys	"	"	9 00,	"	7.25
"	"	"	6.00,	"	4.50
"	"	"	4.50,	"	3.00
Childs	"	"	5.50,	"	4.00
"	"	"	4.25,	"	3.00
"	"	"	3.50,	"	2.25
"	"	"	2.75,	"	1.50

And so on through our entire stock, we have made similar wonderful reductions. Come in and see who are truly liberal hearted, it will pay to b uyan Overcoat and hang it up for next year's use.

DAVE & IKE,

PALACE CLOTHIERS, FORBES BLOCK,

MAIN STREET, COSHOCTON, OHIO.

TIME TABLE.

(PITTSBURGH, CINCINNATI & ST. LOUIS R'Y,

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE.

Trains arrive at P. C. And St. L. Ry. Depot, at Coshocton, as follows:

GOING WEST.

	Arrive.
Express	*12:42 p. m.
Mail Express	*5:24 p. m.
Express	*12:55 a. m.
Fast Line	†3:18 a. m.
Accommodation	†6:14 a. m.

GOING EAST.

	Arrive.
Express	*1:48 a. m.
Express	*2:19 a. m.
Express	*10:10 a. m.
Fast Line	*2:12 p. m.
Accommodation	†6:58 p. m

*Every day. †Except Sunday.
f Flag Stations at which trains stop on signal for passengers only.

Local Freight going West leaves at 9:15 a. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Columbus. Going East leaves at 1:10 p. m., and carries passengers between Coshocton and Dennison.

Through coaches from Coshocton to Pittsburgh, Columbus, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

Pullman Palace sleeping cars from Coshocton to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and St. Louis.

For time tables, rates of fare through tickets and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to W. H. Parrish, Ticket Agent, Coshocton, O.

Trains run by Central Standard time, which is 28 minutes slower than Coshocton time.

JAS. MCCREA, E. A. FORD,
Manager. Gen. Pass & Tick't Agt.

FITS STOPPED FREE

Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

PILES, FISSURE, FISTULA & ULCERS

Of all kinds permanently cured at the PARK HOTEL,

Friday, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, March 8, April 6, May 4, June 1-29.

THOS. J. KISNER, M. D.

GUARANTEES A CURE IN EVERY CASE OF PILES. { Bleeding Piles, Blind Piles, Protruding Piles, Painful Piles, Itching Piles, or Fissure.

BY HIS NEW AND PAINLESS METHOD

NO CURE, NO PAY.

Office—Canton, Ohio. Jan5-1t.

Notice of Assignment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of James L. Smith and William A. Smith partners in trade, under the firm name of James L. Smith & Son. All persons indebted to said assignor will make immediate payment, and creditors will present their claims duly authenticated to the undersigned for allowance.

January 1st, 1884.

JAMES LeRETILLEY,
Jan5-3w. Assignee.

NOTED WOMEN OF EUROPE AND AMERICA.

A new and elegant book by that most entertaining American writer,

JAMES PARTON.

A POPULAR BOOK AT A POPULAR PRICE.

Agents are making money with it. If you want any territory, apply at once to

F. W. GARFIELD, Gen'l. Ag't, Cleveland, O.

T. C. BREWER, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office in room occupied for a number of year in Roscoe, by Dr. M. Johnson.

Calls promptly answered.

Nov24 8m

THE ONLY WAY

to THOROUGHLY RESTORE LOSS of VIRILE POWER and to SAFELY and PERMANENTLY cure all cases of SEXUAL DISEASE, even those seeming incurable; further, particular information on Manhood, Wedlock, Impediments to it and their cure: fully demonstrated in the standard illustrated work "Anchor of Hope", 180 pages, 25th ed., based on a German physician's experience of 30 years. Forwarded, carefully wrapped and post-paid, to any address for 25 cts. in post-stamps.—Addr. GLOCK & SON, BOOKSELLERS, 318 S. HIGH STR., COLUMBUS, O.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure, I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a Treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

Rupture

Relieved and cured without surgical operation, truss torture or detention from labor by Dr J. A. Sherman's system. Patients from abroad can receive treatment and leave for home same day. Rupture and trusses cause lumbago kidney and bladder affections, affect the nervous system, impair manhood and bring on impotency and other deplorable ailments. All these troubles removed and primitive roundness restored by Dr. Sherman's treatment. Book, with continuous indorsements for the past thirty-five years from physicians, merchants, clergymen, farmers and others who have been cured, mailed for 10 cents. One Smythe, of the Vienna Institute, St. Louis, Mo., has altered the likenesses of cured patients in Dr. Sherman's illustrated pamphlets, hired men to personate them, and publishes them as patients he has cured. This bold fraud to dupe the afflicted is fully exposed in an illustrated circular which is sent to anyone who writes for it. Since the reduction of terms patients are daily coming from all parts of the country for treatment. Days of consultation at New York office, 251 Broadway, Monday, Tuesday and Saturday each week.

A Great Slaughter

IN

OVERCOATS.

They must go. We want the money. We shall not stop for cost, but you can have them at your own price.

D. M. MOORE,

CUSTOM CLOTHIER, Main St.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

Having completed the inventory of the stock of J. L. SMITH & SON, we will now offer the same at private sale, for a short time, at greatly reduced prices.

The stock is large, so that all may find something that will be useful to them.

Among the things prominent is a large assortment of

Boots and Shoes,

About Fifteen Hundred or Two Thousand Dollar's worth of CLOTHING, which is nearly all new.

A Lot of Carpets,

In general merchandise you will find almost everything that you may desire. Any one desirous of going into the business can purchase the entire stock, and can also secure the room, the most desirable in the place.

JAS. LeRETILLEY, Assignee.

Roscoe, January 14, 1884.

INVITE YOUR NEIGHBOR'S ATTENTION

—TO—

THE COSHOCTON AGE.

The only 64 column paper in Eastern Ohio, and ask him to become a subscriber.

☞ Specimen copy sent to any address upon request.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®